JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 7, 1939. VOL. LXVI. 1738

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

YOU CAN'T GET 1¾ lbs OF STEAK FOR 6d—

but you can get just as much energy from a ¼ lb tin of FRY'S COCOA

ACTIVE WORKERS MUST HAVE 4,000 CALORIES A DAY . . .

Scientists measure energy in Calories. Hard workers burn up at least 4,000 Calories a day. Unless their diet contains at least 4,000 Calories to replace them, they will lose their strength and efficiency. Children especially, need a diet that will keep their energy going. Because Fry's Cocoa is an important source of Calories, it is of the greatest value in ensuring the proper growth of children, and maintaining the fitness of grown-ups.

When you are making up your shopping list, trying to make sure that every penny is well spent, remember this — *Every cupful of Fry's Cocoa is a cupful of energy.* Everyone, working or idle, playing or sitting still, burns energy the whole time. Unless this energy is put back in food, the whole system is strained; weakness and under-nourishment will result.

DRINK NOURISHMENT Scientists have calculated that the cups of cocoa (made in the usual way with milk and water and sugar) that you get from a quarter of a pound tin of Fry's Cocoa for 6d. give as much energy as 1¾ lbs. of steak, 21 eggs, over 4½ lbs. of fish. Have you children to bring up bright and sturdy, a man to keep fit for a job? Ask your grocer for a tin of Fry's right away!

Fry's FREE GIFTS are the gifts you want

FREE. Hundreds of Gifts. Household goods, luxuries, toys, presents for Christmas, all for coupons from tins of Fry's Cocoa. *Save these coupons.*

Fry's Cocoa coupons do the work of money!

To make every penny count — you need

FRY'S COCOA

Cr68.19939

Hi! John

Just a little signalling work . . . and the message is P.L.A.Y.E.R.S. The usual one where good Cigarettes are concerned... the only one to obtain that individual fragrance, flavour and outstanding quality so appreciated by thousands of smokers.

Player's Please

ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

RED ON T SWA

WAIT and see! The sense last week have yet to spective. Certainly t gloom.

We all knew that Hitle desperate bid for a truce whe it has come—as desperate and the dictators have ever made

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Sabotage Headaches

Already the best of Germany's are paralysed. For Ruhr tow

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 7, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

RED PAINT ON THE SWASTIKA

WAIT and see! The sensational moves of the last week have yet to be viewed in perspective. Certainly there's no cause for gloom.

We all knew that Hitler would make a desperate bid for a truce when Poland fell. Now it has come—as desperate and hollow a threat as the dictators have ever made.

Even supposing you take it at its face value, can anyone in his senses believe that Stalin would fight a long war just to please his new friend?

Stalin's Game

We tell you again that Stalin will play nobody's game but his own. He has got what he wanted merely by letting Hitler do all the dirty work

Incredible that he would sacrifice his gains, imperil all that he has striven for in his own land, by fighting a ruinous war with a revitalised France, a British Empire that is richer and more powerful than ever before—and the colossally wealthy U.S.A.

Big Bluff

No. It doesn't make sense—except as another example of the bluff to which we have all become hardened.

And the blunt, almost contemptuous, reply of our leaders will call the bluff.

What next? Will Russia supply Germany with all the materials necessary for a long war in exchange for the shoddy Nazi goods?

Hard-up Hitler

For a while, maybe. Hitler may even be able to buy the oil without which his warplanes cannot fly and his tanks cannot leave the ditches into which they fall so often.

But it won't be long before his puny gold reserves are exhausted. As for supplying goods in some barter arrangement, he won't find it easy to make them.

Sabotage Headaches

Already the best of Germany's mines and steelworks are paralysed. For Ruhr towns have had to be evacuated. Anti-aircraft guns had to fire at Friedrichshafen, home of Zeppelins and poison-gas factories, to persuade citizens that heavy explosions were due to French bombing. Real reason was sabotage.

Elsewhere, too, much damage has been done by internal enemies.

Roehm Revengers

The Czech revolt, started too soon to be successful, will break out again And there are enemies of Hitler even among the ardent Nazis.

The "Revenge for Roehm" group is waiting its chance to strike afresh. After Hitler murdered his best friend, Roehm, in the 1934 purge, hundreds of Nazi chiefs were found dead with the letters "R.R." burned into their skin.

When Hitler Fled

Then the Black Front is sworn to avenge Strasser, another victim of the purge. There are the independent Nazis of Austria, hating the Prussians.

Hitler had to leave Vienna hurriedly six months ago because of their plot against his life.

They'll Kill Him!

Do you remember his motor accident, in which his chauffeur was killed? It was organised by his Nazi enemies. They meant to kill him.

They will, one day.

On Road to Ruin

The ordinary people? Well, an Englishwoman just back from a two-years' stay in Dusseldorf says that at first all the townsfolk thought Hitler their saviour. Now, empty stomachs and war fear have convinced them that he will lead them to ruin.

Hit the Knaves

Better far is a bird's-eye view of the British Home Front, despite the bomb thrown in our midst last week by Sir John Simon.

To win, it is only necessary to hold fast.

But JOHN BULL is not going to remind you of this country's strength and successes. That's a job for the Ministry of Information.

We are going to hit hard at the bunglers and knaves that this war, like every other, has produced.

Dismiss Them?

Both types are putting their fingers into the nation's larder. The bunglers are the official fools, who have failed to distribute Britain's ample food supplies, though they've had eighteen months in which to make their plans.

The appalling fish control scheme has had to be dropped. But many fishmongers still cannot get supplies; the meat muddle goes from bad to worse. Butter and sugar are scarce in some districts, though ample supplies are available.

Our Food Minister admits it. Why doesn't he dismiss the incompetents who are responsible?

Full Penalties, Please

Again, profiteering is still rampant. Not only among some shopkeepers, but also wholesalers.

Our postbag is heavy with complaints: tinned salmon being stepped up from 11d. to 1s. 5d., clothing dearer by 30 per cent., and so on.

This blackguardism won't be stopped by fixing prices in a few trades and threatening offenders with penalties. All necessities must be controlled, penalties actually imposed.

Germany's Way

We needn't be too proud to take a leaf from the Nazi book. A profiteering German trader is sent to the concentration camp for six months.

A few Britons should be shown the inside of our jails.

THIS IS IMPORTANT

To be sure of getting your "John Bull" every week, it is essential to place a regular order with your newsagent.

Readers who fail to do so may be disappointed, because it is impossible, through difficulties of distribution, to guarantee copies that have not been ordered in advance.

Avoid disappointment by placing a regular order with your newsagent now.

Let Us Help You!

It's worth while doing so. We offer services that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

A free family insurance gift, unequalled in its scope and generosity, under which more than £650,000 has already been paid.

Free advice on difficulties in business, legal affairs, or in the home.

In the last war we became known as the Serviceman's Champion. We now have a special bureau to give expert solutions to war problems, and a pensions department that has obtained tens of thousands of pounds for our readers.

Competitions, with a nation-wide reputation for fairness, interest, and big prizes.

And we are determined—need we add?—to continue our exposures of national scandals and private frauds.

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Autocrats' Errors

Yes, and a few of our new autocrats should be sewn up with their own red tape for the war's duration.

They are the jacks-in-office using commandeering powers with Prussian ruthlessness.

Heartbreaking letters reach us from small business men who have had an only lorry requisitioned. They are ruined thereby. Yet their big competitors, owning a fleet of lorries, are allowed to carry on.

Tempers Rising

No less infamous is the continued delay in paying military allowances. Soldiers' wives unable to draw a penny for themselves and their families; soldiers themselves still without pay.

We can tell the War Office that our own temper is rising fast.

The Old Idiocy

Don't ask us the reason for this inexcusable muddling. But we remember that in the last war you found barristers, schoolteachers and accountants in the fatigue squads and old soldiers doing the office work.

And here's something that makes us think that this idiocy is being repeated.

(Continued overleaf.)

Pat McCormick Joins "John Bull"

BACK in harness after a serious illness, the Rev. Pat McCormick, famous radio pastor of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, is to extend his already vast congregation.

He is to become "John Bull's" padre. Each week he will write for our millions of readers a special message of inspiration, comfort and courage.

His first "fireside talk" will appear in our next issue. Already you will have listened to many of the Rev. Pat McCormick's intimate talks on the wireless. You will know that he is an understanding man, that his words are always wise and kind and filled with courageous enthusiasm.

You will find the same brave and human qualities in his weekly contributions to "John Bull."

Already famous for his inspiring broadcasts, the Rev. Pat McCormick will have a weekly message full of deep human understanding for "John Bull" readers

Soldiers without Money: General Gough only a Warden: A Kick for Winston Churchill

The Army is appealing for tradesmen recruits. Yet welders, fitters and other skilled artisans are ordinary Tommies in the ranks, unable to obtain transfer to technical units.

He Must be Careful

Many cases, also, of men unable to draw travelling warrants for their last leave before going to France.

Some, granted forty-eight hours to bid good-bye to their families, find that the fare home is as much as 40s. or 44s. They just can't go home.

Mr. Hore-Belisha is a busy man. But unless he finds time to clear up these scandals he'll find himself a much-criticised man

Forgotten Tents

There are pinpricks, too, that must be removed. Late passes are being refused. In one camp men have to be in bed by nine—as if they were tender infants. Near-by towns are out of bounds.

For all we know, the colonel tucks up the lads himself and kisses them good-night.

Yet, elsewhere, men on night sentry-go at a munitions dump have to sleep in an open field by day, in full view of passers-by. Maybe some fool has forgotten to order tents for them.

Monstrous Rates

Lastly, our War Minister must reorganise the Army Post Office. Parcel rates are monstrously high; mothers and wives can't get letters from men overseas; men can't get letters from home

General Warden

Another Minister, Sir John Anderson, should see whether he can find a more worthy job for General Gough, of Fifth Army fame, who is patrolling Chelsea streets as an ordinary A.R.P. warden.

Sir John's colleague, Mr. Churchill, merits a kick for keeping heartening information from the public in order to produce a surprise effect with his Parliamentary speech.

And Mr. Ernest Brown should stop the unpaid overtime by which unscrupulous employers are exploiting the war.

Good Marks for Him

We give a good mark to the Minister of Health. He will soon order well-to-do parents to pay something towards the support of evacuated children. If ever there was a need for a Means Test, here it is. Some of these parents, arriving by car, expect their children's workless hosts to provide free meals for them.

Their Own Homes

On the other hand, we have seen letters in which householders ask that evacuated youngsters shall not be visited by relatives.

"It's our own home; we're not going to be inconvenienced"—that's the mean attitude that the authorities must tackle, and tackle mercilessly.

Praise These Women

Praise women of West Wycombe, who have started a Penny Club where parents and evacuees can meet in comfort and enjoy cost-price meals.

Hope with us that Women's Institutes in all reception areas will refuse to be outdone by their enterprising colleagues in that lovely old village of West Wycombe.

And condemn the Rev. Frederick Westgarth, a Northumberland vicar, who has been fined £5 for refusing to accept evacuees.

Heavier Penalties

Heavier penalties than a trumpery fine should be imposed on ruffians who are assaulting police and plundering the public in black-outs.

A few magistrates are treating these offences as they deserve; most are showing dangerous leniency.

Jail-without-the-option should be the sentence in every case.

Hire-Purchase Sharks

No mercy should be shown to the hire-purchase sharks victimising men called for military service.

Commonest trick is to invite a young man to surrender his motor-cycle, then refuse to make any payment in respect of his deposit or the instalments he has paid.

We're waiting for a few of these gentry to be taken to the county courts. We can imagine what the judge will say.

Shabby Dealing

What can be said of this shabby official dealing? Nurses, engaged by a county hospital to deal with war casualties, are being dismissed because of the lack of casualties.

Yet many of the women engaged had moved their homes and incurred other expenses.

You may say it's just hard luck. We say it's damnable unfairness.

Cheap Labour Scandal

More general is the scandal that fully-trained nurses are being displaced by untrained volunteers.

You can imagine the reason—cheap labour.

Hospitals are hard-hit, we know. But they'll get a harder shock if they presume they can get away with this contemptible trick.

Work This Out!

Now we'll give the Registrar-General a shock, though, as it amuses us, we hope he won't kick himself too badly.

Those impressive National Registration forms seemed to us to want to know everything about everybody except one's nationality!

A strange oversight in a Census paper, surely?

Whitehall's Creed

Also puzzling is the experience of a farmer who took a calf to Henley market. It was officially marked as Grade I and fetched the maximum price of £8 10s.

But other calves, considered so inferior as to be not worth grading, were sold by auction and fetched £9 each.

We've long suspected that Whitehall believes in giving the lowest goods for the highest prices.

A Goebbels Canard

We mustn't be too hard on our officialdom. Dr. Goebbels also goes astray—to wit, his boast that he will broadcast from London by Christmas Day.

After exhaustive and exhausting enquiries at the Ministry of Information we are informed that no broadcasting arrangements exist at Pentonville Prison.

Hitler's Horror "Scope"

IN his screaming, ranting speech to the bewildered citizens of Danzig, Adolf Hitler tried to make our flesh creep by referring to a weapon "that has not yet been tested and with which we ourselves could not be attacked."

He knows very well that only by transferring the entire population of Germany to another planet for the duration of war could he use on us a weapon which in turn could not be directed at his own people.

Nazis must admit that attempts at "schrecklicheit' (frightfulness) by Germany in the past have proved dangerous boomerangs

When German troops unloosed poison gas on the Western Front in 1915 the Allied Troops were defenceless. They were baffled by the new weapon. They were defenceless. Nobody had a gas-mask. Germans had a clear road through to Channel Ports. But their own stupidity robbed them of the profits of this new horror. Thinking that the whole business was too easy, that there was a trap somewhere, the advancing German troops stopped to peer round suspiciously.

The delay gave us time to improvise protection. The gap was closed, never to open again.

And before the year was out we had thoroughly beaten the Germans at their own game.

Then Germans started liquid fire attacks in which advancing men swathed in steel sheeting sprayed flames on to our trenches.

This searing liquid was projected through a nozzle from a shoulder container something like the insect spray used by gardeners. It was new and horrible. But it failed after the initial effect. And we replied. Not by using a "suicide squad" for this work, but by inventing huge tunnel-guns through which hundreds of gallons of liquid at a time could be thrown on German strong points.

Bacterial warfare was tried in many places. Centres of infection were set up, no doubt by means of "Fifth Column" agents. But the use of germs as a weapon is old stuff now.

"Death rays" and the like can be left to fiction writers. If such methods were available, Hitler would use them. A nation at war (and certainly the German nation) does not pull punches.

Hitler's latest bogy is just part of the planned fear campaign of the Nazis, just a hollow turnip, without even the lantern of reason or necessity within it.

A. G. Gardiner

"the man who was Right," says "the nation is resolved to be rid of the Curse"

HOW TO BEAT HITLER

FROM the shambles he has made of Poland, and with hands smoking with the blood of thousands of victims, Hitler calls on Britain and France to surrender.

We are to become the partners in his guilt. We are to crown Terror with triumph. We are to sign the death warrant of the liberties of Europe. We are to purchase another six months of frenzied "peace" by the betrayal of our word, the sacrifice of our honour, the eclipse of civilised life on this planet.

Hitler has his answer. It comes not only from Governments. It comes still more from the souls of our two great nations.

We have been slow, too slow, to realise the terrific conspiracy that the gangsters of Berlin have been preparing. But we are awake now. We are armed. We will never lay down our arms until Hitlerism is swept from the face of Europe and of the earth.

"No peace with Hitler" is our implacable purpose.

In the pursuit of that purpose, it is the spirit of the people that will be decisive. Germany was beaten in 1918 when the spirit of the people behind the lines was broken.

That is true of all wars. They are won or lost on the Home Front.

It will be so in the present war.

In this respect it is indisputable that our position to-day *vis-à-vis* Germany is more favourable than it was in 1914.

IT IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE THAT THIS INITIAL ADVANTAGE ON THE HOME FRONT SHOULD BE MAINTAINED AND THAT THE SPIRIT OF OUR PEOPLE SHOULD BE KEPT HIGH AND CONFIDENT.

This will not be done without giving as much thought to the condition of the people at home as to the efficiency of our arms abroad.

War's Impact

The sudden impact of the war was bound in any circumstances to throw the whole mechanism of society out of gear and to fling millions of homes into confusion.

But the shock should have been anticipated and softened by a less drastic change-over and by an authoritative appeal to the business world to avoid panic action.

At the beginning of the last war the popular slogan was "Business as Usual."

We soon found that was an illusion, but it broke the shock, and it helped to make the transition from a peace economy to a war economy less catastrophic.

People did not find themselves out of work overnight. They had time to look round and fit themselves into the new scheme of things.

Granted that the greater menace from the air to-day made instancy of action necessary, it is still true that the stampede of business to cover was shamefully overdone.

It threw myriads of people instantly on the street without a notion of what to do or where to go.

It paralysed the distributive trades and the hotels and boarding-houses, closured the whole entertainment world and made suburban London a desert of empty houses.

This is bad from two points of view. Trade, both internal and external, is the sinews of war, and the maintenance of trade is as important for success in war as the equipment of armies.

How, for example, is the vast taxation imposed by Sir John Simon to be met out of a diminishing trade and how is trade to be stimulated if such essentials as petrol, which is the life-blood of industry, are denied it?

We must not stint the front line, but neither must we forget the power-house behind without which the front line cannot be fed.

And, secondly, the immediate absorption of the displaced men in industry is necessary for the maintenance of the spirit of the nation at its maximum.

We all want to feel that we are doing a man's job in this struggle for the liberties of the world against barbarism.

He is doing a man's job in this struggle for the liberties of the world against barbarism, but he definitely demands inspired leadership

Black-Out Minds

Only in this way can we be happy and confident.

And in this connection, is it not time that the public had a more inspiriting and informative lead from above?

It may be that the day of the war correspondent is over for ever and that henceforth wars will be fought in an atmosphere of profound secrecy.

But surely this oppressive ignorance in which we live could be lit up with something more stimulating than the perfunctory communiqués and the pathetically sterile commonplaces with which certain Members of the Government reduce us to tears.

We move in a mental darkness as dense as the physical darkness of our City nights. We do not want facts that we oughtn't to know. But we do want a voice that will lift this great argument above the plane of a schoolroom homily.

If this were a matter that affected only the Home Front it would be bad enough. But it is not.

The cry comes from far and friendly countries like South Africa that the broadcasts from England tell them nothing and that they are driven back upon the spoon-feeding of Goebbels for such information as they can disentangle from the lies.

Doom of Nazis

And American correspondents in despair leave our shores for neutral countries where they can hear something about the war which they can communicate to their readers.

I believe it is true to say that there is no country in the world which is so ignorant of what is going on as our own.

Our publicity, with its infantile placards, is a thing for laughter or tears as you are moved.

Our Information Ministry, with its staff of a thousand well-paid assistants, only makes the darkness more visible.

WITH HITLER'S MOVES TO ESCAPE FROM THE DOOM THAT AWAITS HIM BY ENTANGLING US IN HIS WEB OF LIES AND FRAUDULENT PEACE OVERTURES THE FOG IN WHICH WE LIVE MUST BE LIFTED.

The mind of this country is made up.

It wants peace, but it will have no "peace" with the criminal régime that has thrown the world into chaos.

It knows that, in Mr. Chamberlain's phrase, Hitler's word "is not worth the paper it is written on."

To compound with Hitler would be to compound for our own destruction.

It would mean that the agony of fear and suspicion that we have endured for years would descend on us again at the first sign of trouble in the democratic world, and that all this ghastly business would have to be done over again.

The nation is resolved to get rid of this curse now.

IF GERMANY WANTS PEACE SHE CAN HAVE IT TO-MORROW, BUT SHE MUST HAVE IT IN THE NAME OF A GOVERNMENT THAT WE CAN TRUST AND THAT WILL JOIN US IN SAVING CIVILISATION FROM THE DOOM WITH WHICH HITLERISM THREATENS IT.

This is so much the spirit of the country that the Government that was false to it would not survive a day.

In a word, the nation is now in control and it looks to have its will fortified and implemented by its executive.

It demands a leadership that will inspire it and take it into its confidence.

We are not regimented slaves under the lash of a tyrant. We are a free people who will regiment ourselves to preserve our freedom.

But to keep our spirit flaming at its highest the fog of mystery must be lifted and we must have the assurance that the myriad grievances on the Home Front, inevitable in so vast a disruption, are being remedied swiftly and boldly.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

THOUSANDS of skilled men will be giving valuable service to the country by providing war material, keeping alive vital services, and generally helping the nation to keep going not only as a war machine but as a commercial organisation.

Such men are as indispensable as fighters. Surely they also are entitled to be known as ex-Servicemen?

After all, what is service?

Men who work in mill and factory, office and shop till they nearly drop through exhaustion, are striving in the country's service, and should receive acknowledgment for their work in the same way as soldiers, sailors and flying men.—John Turvey, Blackpool.

Loyal workers on the home front should be honoured, and there should be no unfair discrimination. But only the man from the Fighting Forces can properly be called ex-Service. Soldiers of industry should be rewarded, but the whole nation cannot be "ex-Service."

Why Volunteers?

Among those filling sandbags in a London Park, I found volunteers working with men who were being paid for their labour.

Although I appreciate fully the generosity of volunteers, surely it would be even more public-spirited of them to let unemployed men do the work?—J. Godwin, Kensington, London, W.10.

Volunteers were employed, it is stated officially, only when filling sandbags was a matter of great urgency or sandbags were needed for hospitals.

What He Misses

Thrown out of work by war after twenty-seven years with the same firm, I find that, next to my wages, I miss most the splendid comradeship of my colleagues—the give-and-take of their friendly banter, the pointed jokes and the short "adjournment" to the local after working hours.

Now there is nowhere for me to go for an interchange of ideas.—Edgar Bocking, Nunhead, London, S.E.

This comradeship will win the war if it is fostered on the home front. At such times as these, there should be no need to have to search for it. See the following letter.

Crisis Friendships

Strange that war should release a spirit of friendship among persons who have lived in the same street for years yet never spoken to each other. In the crisis they stopped to discuss "black-out" problems, A.R.P. activities and express a mutual admiration for the Allies.

With the war, women who have cut each other for years forgot old enmities when they realised their sons were fighting in the same units.—G. Green, Boscombe, Hampshire.

Note-worthy

On the back of a pound note that came into my possession the other day was written: "God send you back to me!"—Miss G. Tovey, Pontypwaith, Rhondda.

"One-way" Economy

Now petrol is being rationed, would it not be better to abolish the system of one-way streets, thereby making journeys shorter and saving petrol.

Such economy might not be a great saving on one journey to one motorist, but in the course of a year it would mean quite a lot to all motorists.—H. L. Willmott, Chatham, Kent.

With fewer vehicles on the road, authorities could easily help in reducing the consumption of petrol by abolishing restrictions that were necessary only when traffic was so heavy as to be nearly beyond control.

Mevagissey, quaint Cornish fishing village, where, says Reader N. W. (they can't cook), housewives have their meals cooked in the local bakehouse

They Can't Cook

Housewives of Mevagissey Harbour, Cornish fishing village, are worried because gas cookers are being installed in their homes, even though most of them have never cooked a meal in their lives.

For centuries Mevagissey housewives have had their cooking done at the local bakehouse.

They take their food to the baker in the early morning, collect it again at lunch time. They pay a penny to have a week-day meal cooked; twopence for Sunday joints.

All meals were cooked in communal cookhouses in Cornwall at one time, and this tiny harbour is the last to say goodbye to bakehouse cookery.—N. W., Ashacre Lane, Worthing.

It is the same in many places in the North of England, where mothers and fathers work in the mills and their meals are cooked in bakehouses, to be delivered to them as they pass on their way home.

War Guilt

Although it is easy to see why the Allies insist that they are fighting the Nazi leaders, not the German people, we must not forget that there were no Nazis to set the military machine of Prussia trampling Belgium underfoot.

Last time it was the Kaiser and his advisers. Before that, it was Bismarck and his generals.

Surely the German people must take responsibility. They love power, and any leader who promises them more power. Let us not be misled.—Ex-Quarter-master-Sergeant A. H., Wood Green, London.

As the Prime Minister has said, our only quarrel with the German people now is that they have allowed themselves to be governed by evil rulers.

Still Dagger-men

An elderly man told me that 50 years ago proprietors of a tavern in Germany where he had been having lunch presented him with a parcel, which they asked him not to open until he was crossing the Channel again.

"They had repeatedly asked me whether I was English," he said, "and as I was most curious to see what they had given me, I eagerly unpacked my gift as soon as the vessel left the German coast.

"It was a dagger!"—D. R. Thomas, Newport, Monmouthshire.

Nowadays it is more than likely that the dagger would have been left in the traveller's back. For the creed of the Nazis has turned the proud hatred of Germany into mere thuggery.

Out of their Reach

There must be many persons like myself who cannot listen to the programmes now transmitted by the British Broadcasting Corporation because their receiving sets are not sufficiently powerful.

We paid licence money in the belief that we could always be entertained by the long-wave National programme, and now that we are deprived of this small pleasure, surely we should receive some compensation.—R. Wellas, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

Having earned the right to listen with other radio licence holders, such men should be given the chance to keep in touch with officialdom through the B.B.C., and it seems only right that this injustice should be removed when the Director-General begins the necessary reorganisation of his corporation.

Standing Room Only

Strolling through Slough, in Buckinghamshire, the other day, I noticed that in this town of 33,530 persons there is only one seat for wayfarers, and that is outside a solicitor's office.

Is there yet another town Where You Can't Sit Down?—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

Job for Aliens

Friendly aliens living in this country and eager to help in the Great Cause could do a lot of good by writing to their relatives at home describing just what is happening in this country, thus preventing any possible damage done by the lies broadcast every day from enemy radio stations.

A letter of this kind is read regularly in a small town in Sweden to groups of interested townspeople. It does untold good.

An American living here tells me that his "home-town" newspaper regularly makes use of his letters home, giving its readers the "low down" on English life.

"Put in a good word for the old country," might well become the slogan of friendly aliens.—D. Grant, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

New Frightfulness

LAST time came Clouds of Death—gas spewing its great surprise,
Burning men's lungs, blistering skins, and making blind their eyes.
Yet, came a simple, cleanly thing this foulness to betray,
For the gas rolled back, borne by the winds which blew the other way.

* * *

And now again we hear of a new Frightfulness to come
That through the vileness of its power will strike the whole world dumb
With wonder at its devilment—from which there's no defence.
But the answer to this is the Will of God, and Man, and Common-sense.

* * *

And so we'll leave this hateful Thing, whatever it may be,
In the hands of those who plan its use against Humanity,
Knowing that they will pay the price of its brutal filthy power
And pay a thousandfold, in terms of Time's relentless hour!

* * *

And so our hearts will smile anew as to our goal we press,
Ignoring the Devil's riddle, for we've no time to guess
At threats which flood the air of Heaven with blasphemy and rage.
Our job's to get on with the war, its sacred cause to wage.

J. M.

This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRANGLED BY THE OLD SCHOOL TIE!

Hannen Swaffer Lashes the B.B.C.

NOTHING failed so badly, when war broke out, as the B.B.C.

For the first few days it performed its usual function of giving the news—with which, of course, we were all content, for it was all-important.

But when the Ministry of Information stopped issuing any news, because Brass Hats in Whitehall still think it is their private war, the B.B.C.'s utter incompetence was revealed.

We had long criticised its lack of showmanship. We excused it because we knew that it had not the money to pay worth-while fees to star artistes who, anyway, were working at the time, and could not be expected to destroy their stage value by cheap appearances on the air.

But war threw out of employment all these stars in one minute. It left them free for the entertainment of wireless listeners who, at the start, had no other amusement.

They were eager to do a show for nothing. Instead, the B.B.C. turned on, day after day and night after night, a long succession of gramophone records which cost it 2s. 6d. or 3s. each.

No, the public were not given back one farthing of their licence fees. The B.B.C. became the country's worst profiteer.

MEANWHILE, the German wireless was actually interviewing soldiers in the trenches, carrying the microphone to the battlefield itself.

Over the doings of our troops in France, however, there was a complete Black-Out of silence. It was left to the Paris wireless to tell us that a French football team had played the British Army and to describe how it was not until they had several goals scored against them that our Tommies learned that their opponents had several internationals on their side.

THAT was days and days before the first dull and dreary "Eye-Witness" story about our overseas troops was issued by the Ministry of Information.

I know you are going to tell me that the B.B.C. has had to face many difficulties, that it had to be prepared to "carry on" if there were air raids, that skeleton staffs had to be stationed here and there.

I know it all.

And it was just too much for the B.B.C.

I know, too, that we have been promised greater variety in the programmes, more famous artistes at the microphone. But it has taken the B.B.C. a month to wake up.

While we are waiting for these better and brighter programmes, we go on hearing, night after night, the same few artistes who were hired at the outbreak of war.

One day, Sandy Macpherson was announced to appear four times!

After three weeks of it I ventured to test the extent of the B.B.C.'s enterprise.

I called up Gracie Fields at Peacehaven and said, "Gracie, have you been asked to do a show on the air?"

"No," she replied.

"Would you appear if you were invited?" I went on.

"Well, the doctors tell me I must rest for a year," she answered, "but, of course, if I were asked to sing to the nation I should be delighted to do it once."

Two days later I called her up again and said, "Have you been asked to sing on the air yet?"

"No," she said.

Again, the next day, I asked—and got the same answer.

A WEEK elapsed before we heard that Gracie had been asked to help in brightening "Black-out" evenings.

When at last the B.B.C. announced how it was going to improve programmes, we learned only that all the old features were going to be revived in war time dress. It'll take more than a tin-hat and a suit of "khaki pyjamas" to put now life into those old, persistent bones who have been putting over antiquated jokes for years now.

The truth is that the B.B.C. is suffering because, for years, we have been much too kind to it.

We have endured, without complaint, futilities arranged by youth with no knowledge of entertainment. The B.B.C. has been strangled by the Old School Tie.

We have heard, time after time, without expressing anger, silly street interviews with people who were asked childish questions about trivialities.

"Why did you come to this theatre?" one man was asked.

"Because all the others were full," he replied.

It was the one spark of humour.

The B.B.C., potentially the greatest form of entertainment the world has ever known, had become a Theatre Royal Back-Drawing Room.

Some of the talks were good enough—I have often praised them—but much of the rest was sheer inanity.

Then, when religious services were put on, it was very seldom that a good address was given.

The Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, Provost of Portsmouth, was admirable one night. Other parsons, however, merely told us how wicked we were and that the war was God's judgment upon the nations.

Why God should punish Germany by destroying Poland, I still do not understand.

Even the Archbishop of Canterbury, who spoke on the first night of the war, began with an apology. "I have not had long to prepare my address," he said.

SURELY the Primate of All England, trained for years in public speaking, could go on the air and improvise in an hour of national crisis?

In these days, of all things in the land, the B.B.C. has the greatest opportunity. If it expresses the wish, even the Prime Minister of England himself will spare half an hour to address the millions.

It can summon to the microphone the greatest people in the land.

In war time, especially, all these are anxious to say something—to sing, to recite, or to give of their wealth of experience and knowledge.

In the hour of emergency the B.B.C. stood self-exposed as something which should be cleared out in almost every department. It showed how amateurish it was.

It revealed its lack of imagination. It showed that it could not even organise!

Imaginary Interviews on the Black-Out Bus

Ribbentrop's New Customer

FARES, please! Yes, Sir; we do go all the way to the h'Angel. It's an 'abit of ours. We go all the way, all the time, everywhere. Not like old 'Itler. 'E's ready to go all the way while the going's good, but you wait 'til 'e 'as an up'ill road to climb!

That's when you'll 'ear 'im 'iccough!

Wot's that you say. "The road to Moscow was bleached with the bones of Napoleon's armies?" 'Ow right you are! Ribbendrops 'as just been to Moscow, too. They *sent* for 'im, same as the Nasties sent for the Polish Foreign Minister.

"You come an' be dam' quick about it!" says ole man Stalin. "We want to talk business an' we want you in Moscow so that we can do the talking!"

You was a traveller in wines before the war, was you, Sir? Just like old Ribbendrops. Don't look like a traveller nah, if I may say so! That fur-coat you're wearing cost plenty, I'll bet a packet! But, then, so did old Ribbendrops'!

Ribbs was like the other bosses in 'is gang; 'E knew wot to do with "the sweets of office"; 'E salted 'em down—outside Germany, although his missis has plenty. Do I blame 'im? Well, not particularly. I suppose 'e's just like any other share-pusher or big-time swindler.

Sooner or later 'e knows the cops are going to get wise to 'im. 'E's coining it nah, but it can't last. Either 'e's going to get bumped off by 'is pals or else the cops 'll get 'im. Wot can a bloke like 'im lose by going to Moscow?

BEG pardon, but did you say Ribbendrops was the bird 'oo 'atched out the Nazi-Bolshevik egg? Well, you're telling me! And was it addled! Did it stink?

Just imagine all them pore Germans brought up, as you might say, on "Mein Kampf" and seein' "Red" almost from the cradle! 'Itler tells them that Russia is their only enemy. 'Itler rubs it in that the Bolshevists is a lot of blood-stained scum.

And *then*, mark you, old man Ribbendrops 'as to go to Moscow to sell the pass. 'E 'as to come back and say, "Boys! Our Russian comrades 'ave joined in this fight! 'Eaven bless the blood-stained scum!"

You know, Sir, on this 'ere black-out 'bus, I might take you for Ribbendrops 'imself. I 'ad a bloke on top last week the split image of Doctor Gobbles. But Gobbles wasn't going to Russia. 'E was well content to be out of a concentration camp let alone out of Germany.

Ribbs is different. I wouldn't put it past 'im to try and sell little ole Stalin a cellarful of French wine on the wrong side of the Maginot Line. But 'e won't get much change out of Comrade Josef, not bloomin' likely, 'e won't.

I don't know an' you don't know just wot 'e's gone to Moscow for, but, take it from me, 'e went to take orders, not to give 'em!

YOU say that's wot any commercial traveller might 'ope to do? It certainly is. But old Ribbendrops 'ad to take *'is* orders without being sure of a profit. 'Is new customers don't give any references and nobody knows wot their credit is worth.

'Itler said time and again it was worth nothing—not even so much as a Nazi treaty, which ain't worth the paper it's written on.

You get down 'ere, do you, Sir? Well, good-night to you. We go on all the way—right to the h'Angel on this route and right to the h'Angel of our own kind of peace on any other. And wot's more, we don't take our orders from Moscow and we don't do business with any kind of boss, no matter wot fancy-coloured shirt 'e happens to wear.

NETLEY LUCAS AGAIN!

—EXCLUSIVE

Lucas made £20,000 in two years out of faking the biographies of famous people, including members of the Royal Family

NETLEY LUCAS, probably the most sensational literary crook ever known, has bobbed up again. From offices in Fleet Street and the West End he is operating in several names. As "Richard Tracey" he has bamboozled a firm of publishers over the supposed reminiscences of Captain von Dorpp, famous U-boat commander in the last war.

The publishers had already paid him a liberal sum on account before they were warned by a journalist employed by Lucas to write the book. He had been misled, too, and had completed a number of chapters before he realised the material furnished to him had been plagiarised from the works of notable authors.

It was then discovered that Lucas had no more right to offer the reminiscences of the U-boat commander than I have to negotiate the autobiography of Hitler.

Details such as this never bother this impudent mountebank.

In two years he made £20,000 out of biographies which he claimed had been authorised by members of Royal Families and other notable people.

His books, often filled with startling disclosures that were faked, were issued under various names. The aliases he has used include: Ian Walpole, Lady Angela Stanley, Stewart Murray, The Hon. Netley Lucas, Mrs. Charlotte Cavendish, and Colonel Lucas.

He was trapped over what was supposed to be the "Life of Queen Alexandra." It was offered to publishers in manuscript as having been written by Lady Angela Stanley, a former lady-in-waiting to Queen Alexandra, and he used a letter that was supposed to come from the late Lord Stamfordham.

The whole thing was a swindle. He was sent to jail for eighteen months.

Lucas, going under the name of Evelyn Graham, had begun pilfering when he was a fourteen-year-old schoolboy. He ran away from the industrial school to which he was sent.

Then he was sent to Borstal for again running away from a training ship. When he was released he dressed as a naval officer and robbed girls by posing as the son of an influential man requiring a secretary.

After ten months in jail for larceny and forgery he began his big literary frauds.

His latest pose as "Richard Tracey" hid his identity successfully for a time, and he nearly brought off another biography swindle.

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

£100 for a Job

PROFESSING to know a great deal about massage and manipulative therapy, Raymond Hurst, of 399, Mansfield Road, Nottingham, certainly seems expert at angling for men willing to deposit money with him to obtain jobs.

Answering his advertisement, a reader was offered a position immediately without any references—as long as he was prepared to put down a £100 deposit just as promptly.

He was to interview likely students for a course in massage and manipulative therapy at a fee of £75. Salary was to be £3 a week, and expenses, with a commission up to 20 per cent.

London Clinic of Massage and Manipulative Therapy is the concern with which Hurst is connected. Why London? The registered office is Hurst's house in Nottingham.

Not long ago he was advertising prospective jobs from the same address for men prepared to make cash deposits, but then his business was called the Health Culture Clinic.

He's best left to his jobs!

They're All After Your Money

THOMAS-GRIMSHAW AND CO., of Yarburgh Street, Walley Range, Manchester, should change their name to Tommy Grimjoke. They claim that by taking their £1 postal course you can become a successful business transfer agent, receiving £500 to £1,000 a year.

What magic—and what sauce.

* * *

"Homework" Tricks

Exploiting the war, Mitchell and Co. (Leathercraft), Ltd., of Newman Street, London, are pushing their homework scheme.

They have "reduced" their advance fees—"enrolment subscriptions"—to 20s. in the glove and leather departments and to 35s. for tuition in making lampshades and glass articles.

If they were reduced to 6d. it would still be throwing money away!

Readers should be cautious about all these homework propositions now. They will be dangled more temptingly than ever.

* * *

7s. 6d. for a Name

National Union of Friends, of High Holborn, London, is a pen-friendship concern that hopes to profit by war.

Bargain price is 7s. 6d. for a choice of 2,000 names for "suitable and happy introductions."

You'd be foolish to waste a farthing on it.

* * *

Blind Bluff

"Good news for the almost blind," cries the advertisement of Chular and Sons, Indian eye specialists, of Barnsley and Sheffield.

Anyone trusting his eyesight to these quacks would be almost senseless, too.

* * *

Not Even Registered

The same applies to the Sussex and Hants Optical Co.

A salesman, canvassing Southampton, made out that it was a big concern, but it is not even registered. The address on the card he presented turns out to be a private house where he stays at times!

* * *

A Slick Game

Explaining that they have arrangements with local Catholic churches, touts from the Edgar Publishing Company, Ltd., of Mount Street, Manchester, canvass shopkeepers for calendar advertisements.

It's the usual slick game of "sign on the dotted line," without a proper opportunity to read the contract. Then a demand for about £2 12s.

Don't have anything to do with them.

POSTAL-ORDER PLUNDER

BUSINESS firms should watch their letter-boxes because Postal Order plunderers are working overtime.

Now Postal Orders can be changed like banknotes, even if crossed, crooks have found it worth-while to return to all the old letter-box pilfering tricks. They are concentrating on concerns known to do a considerable part of their business by Postal Order.

Police suspect that three gangs are at work, as well as individual thieves.

Many crooks open letter-boxes with jemmies, but a favourite dodge is inserting a cunning contrivance shaped like an envelope in the box before the arrival of the postman. Pulling out the letters is an expert job.

One firm estimates that Postal Orders worth more than £50 have been stolen in a week.

The "Elephant Gang," notorious in South London, is believed to be raking in about 2,000 letters a day.

Detectives are tracking the thieves, but all firms are advised to have safety devices attached to their letter-boxes.

Jack-in-Box Landlord

TO take over an hotel for a busy holiday week and make off with the takings sounds fantastic, but it is only an incident in the routine racket of a clever rogue, now going by the name of "H. T. Hart."

With all the bombast for which he is noted in police records, "H. T. Hart" agreed to buy the hotel, near Brighton, lock, stock and barrel.

Immediate possession was given on payment of a deposit of £550. When the cheque came back dishonoured six days later, "Hart" had vanished.

Substantial supplies, obtained from brewers on credit, had been sold.

This "jack-in-the-box landlord," whose real name is W. Hart Spratt, has made a hobby of this hotel-purchase trick, and it is time he was back in jail.

When a victim of his latest exploit appealed to me, I soon discovered "Mr. H. T. Hart's" real identity, despite the imposing nameplates behind which he had installed himself in an office in Victoria Street, London, W.

Apart from his own bogus name, five companies were listed. This pretentious façade misled the agent who arranged the sale of the South Coast hotel.

Among the swindles with which he has fleeced many people of substantial sums was a vast scheme—on paper only—for a motor transport chain in this country and in Northern Ireland.

So convincing is his persuasive charm that one of his dupes even went bail for him when he was arrested.

A retired Army captain, drawn into another of his fabulous propositions, parted with about £12,000. Several victims ended in the Bankruptcy Court.

Spratt is now about sixty, with greying hair brushed well back. Recently he used a large, expensive car, and was accompanied by a pretty woman.

Public Benefactor

Mr. A. G. Cummins, Granville Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, receives this week's guinea.

Any scandal coming to your notice, whether it relates to local war injustice or fraud, will be carefully considered for enquiry if you will write to me.

Mark envelopes, "Public Benefactor."

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Captain EUAN WALLA
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Railway i
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History's Greatest Liar

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Maybe he will get you ne
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COUNTESS OF OXFORD
London, W.C.1

DEAR MADAM,—I shall keep
The public should treat you wi
You are willing to "tak
bombed because of the brigh

Open Letters to

- The Premier
- A Great Lady
- A Liar
- A Landlord
- Some Skinflints

Captain EUAN WALLACE, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Railway inefficiency has never been so starkly revealed as in recent weeks. If we had been subject to daily air raids the muddle could hardly have been greater.

It is strangling business, inconveniencing the public, and adding to the burden of war costs. But you look on unmoved.

Perhaps a few examples of this gigantic scandal will stir you from your inactivity.

A member of my staff, travelling from London to Grimsby, found there were only two trains a day. He chose the 7 a.m. from King's Cross and arrived at 4.30 p.m. Nine and a half hours for a normal journey of four hours!

Leaving Grimsby for York, he had to wait five hours at Darlington for a connection.

Five hours is also the time spent each day by a boy of fourteen in travelling to and from his work. In peace time the journey, including "waits for trains," took him only an hour and a half.

Even on main lines the speed of former expresses has dropped to fifteen miles an hour.

The reason cannot be Army needs. Besides, the Southern Railway has been able to maintain a nearly pre-war punctual service. Why not the other companies?

The withdrawal of cheap day tickets has brought hardship to thousands of travellers, particularly to poor folk who want to visit evacuated families.

In short, diehard directors have seized the opportunity to let economania run mad, heedless of the nation's interests.

It is your duty to curb them. Do it now!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Prime Minister

DEAR SIR.—Undoubtedly, Britain's main task is to pursue our struggle against tyranny to its inexorable end. But even now you should be planning the peace we are determined to have.

Humanity will lose hope unless democratic nations announce their aims and the methods by which a new world order of social justice and freedom can be established.

I have already outlined the essentials in such a plan; you keep silent.

Remember, as Mr. H. G. Wells points out, that no clear statement of our aims was issued in the last war; that the stifling of free discussion drove the Russian Revolution into the dangerous channels of dictatorship; that the general disillusion resulted in an ineffectual League of Nations.

Heed the warning to be found in that fact; prove yourself a real leader!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
History's Greatest Liar

HERR DOKTOR.—Mr. Churchill must be the stoutest lie you've ever crammed into your narrow bonnet. He brings you into paroxysms of rage. But you, I'm sure, merely amuse Mr. Churchill.

First you accused him of sinking the "Athenia." Then he torpedoed the "Courageous." Now you've discovered that it was he who assassinated the Rumanian Prime Minister!

Maybe he will get you next, when you're fleeing from Germany to enjoy that £926,000 "nest egg" you have tucked away.—JOHN BULL.

COUNTESS OF OXFORD,
London, W.C.1

DEAR MADAM,—I shall keep a watchful eye on you. The public should treat you with contempt.

You are willing to "take a chance" of being bombed because of the bright light streaming from your windows in the early hours of the morning. So you say.

Well, your own safety may not be important, but your whim cannot be allowed to imperil the safety of others.

It may be ungallant to remind a lady of her age, but I fancy you are old enough to have learned that defiance of the law can prove a costly business. Perhaps an air raid warden will teach you afresh.—JOHN BULL.

He must remove the dead hand that is throttling the railways!

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Churt, Surrey

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—I'm sorry, but I find your "wise after the event" views merely irritating. It's so easy, you know, to say how Poland should have fought!

You did well in the last war. Don't spoil that magnificent record by trying to intervene now, for no one could blame you for resting on your laurels.—JOHN BULL.

"A. W."
Westbrook, Kent

DEAR SIR,—Some landlords are treating the "war poor" with the utmost harshness. Others are themselves facing distress through loss of income. And you are in a class of your own.

Halving all rents and reducing rates in proportion, you hope this will "give your hard-working tenants courage to carry on until peace is again ours in this lovely town."

They will, I am convinced, esteem your public-spirited generosity as highly as does—JOHN BULL.

RATIONING OFFICERS,
Ministry of Mines

GENTLEMEN,—Must you sacrifice lives in your righteous zeal to conserve our petrol stocks?

A doctor reader, normally using fifty gallons to cover 1,800 miles, is allowed only thirteen gallons.

Yet his practice is in a hilly country district to which evacuees have been sent. As he points out, "only a fraction of my cases can be attended in future; some accidents and any air raid casualties will have to be ignored."

Other medical men are reporting utterly inadequate allowances; I hope you will see that none are dissatisfied when you review this question in the light of experience.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR.—Not enough to urge employers to "Stick to your workers and keep them fit." You should address the same appeal to your fellow Ministers.

Civilian motor drivers are being peremptorily dismissed from the R.A.F. Hotels are being commandeered for Government offices and their staffs dismissed, though in the same towns there are empty blocks of offices. Commercial travellers are being driven out of business through meagre petrol rations. And so on.

Make your Whitehall muddlers practise what you preach!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary

DEAR SIR,—A small employer, it is alleged, dismissed men who obeyed police instructions to take cover during an air raid alarm. He has been successfully sued for their wages in lieu of notice.

But it should be illegal for men to lose their jobs in such circumstances.

Again, some employers are exploiting the war by making their staff work unpaid overtime. An 84-hour-week is not uncommon.

Don't let these sharks reap a fat harvest from the nation's sacrifice!—JOHN BULL.

POOR LAW AUTHORITIES

SKINFLINTS.—The way you have evacuated the infirm aged from poor law hospitals is a disgrace to a civilised land.

Most have been dumped on distant relatives who cannot afford to keep them. I know of bedridden women of eighty-five and ninety who have been sent to workless families.

The closing of casual wards has brought acute hardship. Many of the men "on the road" served the country well in the last war, and are jobless through no fault of their own.

How dare you deny their legal right to shelter?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
National Maritime Board

GENTLEMEN,—Can you wonder that the British seaman is resentful? He must serve three years before being rated as an A.B.

He must have oilskins, sou'-wester, sea boots, overalls, overcoats, mufflers, and the usual tools of his trade.

If he loses the lot in a war engagement, he will receive £7 10s., whereas a mess-room steward (usually a first-voyage man) is to get £15, and an "A" steward £40!

Where, in Davy Jones name, is the sense of that?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. W. P. McARTHUR,
Director-Gen., Army Medical Services

DEAR GENERAL,—Here's a stupidity for you to remove. A qualified and registered chiropodist, willing to sacrifice his business to serve Britain, volunteered for the R.A.M.C.

He could not enlist as a chiropodist, he was informed. He must be classed as a clerk or orderly!

Yet such men train for a year or more before they qualify.

Don't turn down experts, General.—JOHN BULL.

"War Correspondent on the Home Front"

Finds the war already has its real heroes

By MAURICE FAGENCE

News for A.R.Patriots

LONDON has something to learn about A.R.P. I saw displayed in many provincial homes an officially issued card reading, "Your warden is Mr. ——. His telephone number is ——. Your sector post is ——. So don't worry police, fire brigade or local authority direct. Kindly put this card on mantelpiece."

Not to be Trusted

There are many reasons why evacuated women hurry back to their homes.

"We've lost twelve women," said a Derbyshire official. "Ten of them said they would never get a penny of their husbands' wages unless they met them on leaving work."

Stove Fright

"I got home to find an evacuated woman and her two children had disappeared," a Blackpool householder told me. "On the table was a note saying, 'I can't stay. I am terrified of your electric stove.'

"She seems to have disappeared from the town altogether, and when I notified her disappearance, I was told, 'It's your duty to find her.'"

Officers Preferred

Oh, those women who will help only because of the kick they get out of it. We knew them in the last war. They're here again.

I was shown a letter from such a woman offering her mansion as a hospital for wounded officers.

A note was made to the effect that her house was offered for medical purposes, and because it has been turned into a maternity home for evacuated women, she's kicking up a fine shindy.

Warden Baiting

Sport may be curtailed, but I don't appreciate the substitute now being tried at Newcastle.

"It's called 'Teasing the Warden,' I was told by a Newcastle warden. Mischievous people switch on lights and then turn them out again before the warden gets near enough to discover where they come from.

"They should remember that a warden has to plod the streets for twelve hours.

"Let me add, that if their own lives aren't important, other people's are."

Puzzled Firemen

Auxiliary firemen in some districts have been told that they are exempt from military service for only three months. In other places they can discover nothing at all about their future status.

50 TRAITORS MUST BE TRIED

It is up to Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, to put fifty profiteering traitors in the dock before they do any more damage

PROBING behind the scenes of the War against Profiteering, I have discovered that the bulk of the war profiteering that has incensed the country rests on the consciences—if they have any—of fifty would-be millionaires at most.

Although two thousand complaints of big-scale profiteering are being investigated by the Board of Trade, and thousands more by 1,500 Food Control Committees, if you put fifty human hogs in the dock, industry and trade would be pretty well purged.

You might wonder how so few men could besmirch the fair name of scores of thousands of honest traders. Well, consider this:

A get-rich-quick middleman who accumulated cotton in expectation of trouble sent to manufacturers, as soon as war was announced, the usual "In view of the fact that cotton is costing me 40 per cent. more ——" type of letter.

Ten factory executives costed their cotton goods upwards on the strength of that letter and wrote to thousands of shopkeepers informing them of higher prices of future deliveries.

Feeling they were probably selling their goods at considerably less than they would have to pay for them next week, hundreds of tradesmen were tempted into advancing their prices.

Later, that profiteering middleman went along to a manufacturer who threatened action to plead for the return of his letter.

He met not only the manufacturer, but also the manufacturer's rivals as well. Even though he may not be prosecuted, that over-ambitious trader's business career is smashed.

Something similar happened in the wool trade.

Seventeen different kinds of woollen articles, made by five different manufacturers, were advanced in price in one London shop in the first week of war because of one wool profiteer.

Now that the real culprit is known, all these articles are selling at little more than their pre-war price.

But thousands of innocent people get the blame when fifty profiteering hogs hold their country to ransom.

How long must elapse before a few of them are in the dock?

WHITEHALL WAGES A PRIVATE WAR

A LITTLE "war within the war" is in progress in Whitehall. Protagonists are the War Office on the one hand and the Ministries of Agriculture and Labour on the other.

The issue is whether, when the next Militiamen are called up—I will call them Militiamen, although the name has been dropped officially—30,000 young landworkers should be among them.

The Minister of Agriculture wants them to stay on the land because farmers need every ounce of help if the four-years-work-in-one scheme for recultivating the soil of Britain is to succeed.

The Minister of Labour has joined the fight because he is at his wits' end to find the skilled agricultural labour for which farmers are pleading.

Yet the War Minister says, determinedly and persistently, that when the Militia scheme was first worked out it was designed to permit no exemptions on grounds of class, status or occupation, and that to grant exemptions now would be to desert a principle.

He admits that farmers' needs are great, which is one of the reasons why everybody engaged in general farming, fruit farming, poultry farming, seed growing and nursery work are refused admission to the ranks of the Forces if they are more than twenty-one.

But he insists on adherence to his principle.

Surely another principle is at stake. The principle of making Britain self-supporting at a time when U-boats threaten shipping?

The lad of twenty is more important in agriculture than in any other calling.

And the town Miss, joining the Land Army, isn't going to be turned into a farmer in a day.

Meanwhile, there is that essential need, one and a half million more acres of land under cultivation by next Spring.

What's wrong with the War Minister meeting the two other Ministers in a spirit of concession? Why can't he lend one year's vintage of farm labourers of Militia age to the farmers, and still stick to his principle?

Much as he wants them, "the greater the need the greater the deed."

On My Scroll of Fame

I STOOD in a street of a thousand houses.

I wish it were possible to mention its name, but war regulations don't permit.

Not that anything sensational has happened there.

When Mr. Chamberlain went to Munich, the prayers of those households went with him.

When people were told to lay in a fortnight's food, everybody *tried*.

When war came, you could feel that street brace itself as if with steel.

Then a division of troops encamped in its vicinity the other day. That's why I can't name my street.

Steam has risen from it ever since.

There is a hot bath for any soldier for the asking. Every woman is washing underwear for the troops for nothing. They're all proud of the chance.

When these wives aren't scrubbing, they're washing.

There's nothing left of their precious food reserves, not even a tin of herrings.

Roll on the day when I can print the name of the street of a thousand homes.

A Life is Saved

ROSIE is a Sheffield girl, evacuated to a hamlet near Syston, in the plum-growing district of Leicestershire.

Rosie wept when she had to go to live among strangers. She was afraid. She has what is sniffingly called "a bad habit." Mothers will know what I mean.

How hard she had tried to conquer that bad habit, how sensitive she was about it, Rosie alone could tell you.

Then one morning her secret was out.

Shamed as a child should never feel shame, she sobbed: "Please don't tell people." Rosie had suffered so much from idle tongues.

Her "foster mother" told one person, the doctor. He decided that one other person should be in the secret. He named a Leicester specialist.

The great physician pored over Rosie for half an hour. "We'll soon make her well," he said, "but thank God you called me in time."

Had she been sent to people who regard "a bad habit" as nothing but a subject for gossip, Rosie would never have seen Sheffield again.

MOTHER and SON

—What do they say when they write to each other in war time?

My dear boy—

I WAS so pleased to get your long letter, but now it seems funny writing to you not knowing where you are, except that it is "somewhere in France."

I've read your letter so many times that Dad says I will wear it out. But you know what he's like!

Why, when I got down to the kitchen this morning I found him trying to put it back quickly behind the clock. So he's just as bad as I am

With this post I am sending you a parcel of cigarettes, cakes, etc., which you can share with your friends, Joe and Nobby. They sound nice boys, especially Nobby, who seems so cheerful.

I do hope you get the parcel safely, because I've also put in a couple of suits of warm underwear.

* * *

Now there's no use being like Dad and pooh-poohing. You know as well as I do that you always get colds in the winter—so see that you wear them.

Dad laughed when I bought them and said, "Tom can look after himself, just as I did when I was in France."

But he's wearing his woollens now, and very glad of them, too, when he is out at night on his A.R.P. work.

Dad and I are not nearly as lonely as you thought we were going to be. We've had a couple of youngsters from London billeted with us, a little girl of six and a boy of eight.

They are as mischievous as monkeys—just like you and Elsie used to be at their age—and they keep me on the go all day.

They come from a very poor family, and I don't think either of them ever saw a field before they came here.

On the day they arrived, Dad found them prowling round the bottom of the garden near his rose trees, and went out in quite a temper to see what they were about.

What do you think they told him? They said they were looking for the gate into the street so they could go out to play!

* * *

Dad took them to the park, and they had a grand time. Now I've got to watch him in case he spoils them with sweets and ginger-beer.

The town has changed quite a lot since you went away with the Terriers. There are a lot of Government people here now. They have taken over the station hotel for offices, although that big new building on the corner is still vacant.

Dad says it would make much better offices than the hotel, but I expect they know what they're doing.

And then there's the sandbags. There were only a few when you went away. Now they are all over the place. Especially at Thompson's, the greengrocer. Remember, he said that *he* wouldn't be frightened of air raids?

Mrs. Thompson is worse than ever. She's always got some fresh story to make your flesh creep. I wouldn't go near the place, except that they do keep good stuff, and I have dealt with them so long that it wouldn't be fair to go elsewhere.

Only the other day, Mrs. Thompson came running across the street to tell me that there had been a big German victory, and that our boys had been wiped out.

Dad was with me at the time—it was his afternoon off from the A.R.P.—and you should have heard him tick her off for being a rumour-monger.

* * *

I felt quite ashamed for him being so rude, but I must admit that she has been a lot quieter since then.

The black-out, of course, has been keeping everybody indoors, and, when the two children are in bed, I spend most of my time thinking of you and Elsie.

Thank heaven, she and the children are in Canada, and Charlie's farm is doing well, so she tells me.

Well, I think that's all my gossip for to-day, and I must hurry if I am going to catch the post with this letter and your parcel.

Take care of yourself, Tom, and don't forget about the warm underwear.

God bless you and keep you, my boy. Dad and I send you all our love.

MUM.

P.S.—Mrs. Cartwright's middle girl, Dora, asked me for your address. I expect you will be hearing from her soon.

Dear Mum—

HERE we are again! And now I can tell you what you must have been dying to hear since you got my first letter from France—what life is like out here.

Well, I am both comfortable and happy. I know that's the news you will want first. They have billeted "the mob" in and round one of the prettiest villages I ever saw.

I'm one of the lucky thirty sharing a tremendous barn which is as warm and dry as any hotel. Twenty-two of us occupy the ground floor and eight a sort of gallery which you have to climb up to by means of a rope that we have christened "the lift."

"Nobby," the Cockney joker I told you about, has put a "Please Ring" notice at the bottom of the rope, and, to add to the joke, "Taffy" Evans, our little Welshman, has actually made a bell out of a bully-beef tin, a screw and a piece of string.

* * *

You know that song "Little Sir Echo"? Well, when we sing that during the sing-songs we have to while away the evening, the fellows in the Ritz, which is what we call the upper part, provide the echo. With Nobby clanging the "lift bell" and somebody else smacking a biscuit tin with the end of the rope the effect is quite *cabaretish*.

We had to camp out one night on our way here, and I had to wash one lot of laundry in a stream. Mum, I never realised that there's an art in those things you do at the kitchen copper.

I got my shirt clean all right, in patches. But as for my woollens, they dried just like a board. One of the old "sweats" said that what I wanted was a bit of charring practice.

Writing of woollens reminds me—don't go spending your money on underwear for me. I know you, bless you! They've issued us with underwear good enough for any winter, if a bit tickly.

* * *

There are one or two French soldiers home on leave, who greet us in words we can't understand, or, leastways, they did until yesterday. Then one of them suddenly greeted a party of us with, "How dee, pal?" which some joker in our battalion must have told him was a normal way of greeting in England.

But you'd like the French, mum. They take a bit of understanding, but they grow on you. You may hear stories of profiteering, but I can tell you I haven't met one of them who is like certain profiteers I met round our camp in England.

The French people who *are* accused of being robbers are those who sell you a square of ginger-cake which looks big enough to make a whole meal, but which is so porous, like a sponge, that you can swallow it in one go. You can see our chaps get rid of them in two gulps and then say, "Blimey! What a meal!"

But the point is that they are a sort of delicacy to the French, like those *éclairs* (more French!) which Mrs. Aitken gives us when she invites us in to tea, and aren't meant to be soldiers' dinners by long chalks.

* * *

Well, mum, I have prattled so much about the life here that I've left very little time for more personal matters. But I knew you'd be burning to know something about my new life.

Are you looking after Dad? (I do hope he's well.) If that hill is too steep for him and upsetting his breath you must get the A.R.P. people to give him an easier beat. He won't complain to them if you don't.

All my love to you and Dad, you old pal, and to Elsie when you write.—Your loving son,

BILL.

Between a mother and son there exists the most sacred of ties, the most noble of relationships.

When mother and son are parted, as thousands are parted now, their letters, could we but see them, would shine with inspiration for us all.

The country needs that high example. So, if you have a son in the fighting forces—or if you are writing home from the Army—we invite you to send us for publication copies of your letters, or at least those passages that are not too private for other eyes.

We will pay 10s. 6d. for each letter used in this way. Strict secrecy about names and addresses will be observed if it is desired.

Address: JOHN BULL, 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Son" in top left corner. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish your letter to be returned.*

This is happening to me

She has to say "Yes, M'lady," now!

War has wrought changes in many lives, bringing adventures to those who had always been sheltered by circumstances. What is happening to you in the war? Tell us your story. We offer space, and pay according to length

AFTER living in your own house until you've reached the "fifties," it is a trifle difficult to become accustomed to being caretaker of a block of flats inhabited by "blue bloods."

When you've been monarch of all you survey for the greater part of your life, able to lock your front door just when you pleased, talk to anyone you met as an equal, you don't find it easy to say, "Yes, m'lady." It is even an effort at times to sign letters "Yours respectfully," and agree with a "Yes, ma'am," when you know a great lady is dead wrong.

Yet all this is happening to me because the war put an end to my husband's business. I am proving that it is not young people only who have adventures when they step out of ordinary jobs into the Fighting Forces.

We elderly people, taking their places, find the new life just as novel. I considered one flight of stairs in my own little house more than enough to keep clean. Now I sweep twelve flights, dust sides and rails and clean 132 brass stair rods.

Am I unhappy?

Not a bit.

Those still living in London occupy important war time jobs for the most part, and I'm sure they are pleased when they come home from arduous duties to see smiles on the face of a caretaker and his wife.

Also, we have a free home in a reinforced basement.

We are as safe in our beds when the syren calls as we would be in any shelter. So here's to war-time adventure. There's no knowing what the future holds, but it cannot rob us of our daily association with the "Upper Ten."

—Mrs. L. G. Hempel, Kensington, London, W.8.

DANGEROUS DAYS— 'ASPRO' WILL PROTECT YOU AGAINST ILLNESS

Let us strike an optimistic note. The world is full enough of trouble as it is. Still, the fact remains that there are dangerous days for health, just as there are dangerous days for nations and individuals. When one accepts the danger signals in the spirit of "Forewarned is forearmed" then all is well. Most complaints issue their warnings. Stop the complaint when you get the warning and there's no further need to worry. When you feel a bit feverish or suffer from headaches—rheumatism—nerviness and irritability you have the remedy in your own hands with which to defeat the development of these complaints and prevent complications. THAT REMEDY POSITIVELY IS 'ASPRO'. It has been eulogised and proclaimed by thousands of users and demonstrated by the clinical tests of the highest medical authorities. So you see you are well backed up by experience. You take no risk.

DO NOT HOWEVER, CONFUSE 'ASPRO' WITH ORDINARY ASPIRIN INSIST ON 'ASPRO'—BE SURE!

'ASPRO' NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Dear Sirs, Ruislip, Middlesex.

Being a writer I occasionally get slight attacks of brain fever. This over-activity would give me sleepless nights were it not for 'ASPRO.' A course of your wonderful tablets soon brings relief.

The above headline came into my mind when I thought of sending this testimonial.

Yours truly, N. JARVIS (Miss).

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A.R.P. WORKER HELPED DURING CRISIS

1 Kerfield Crescent, Camberwell,
Dear Sirs, London, S.E.5.

I now take the opportunity of writing and enclosing my photo to tell you the benefit me and my pals got from your famous 'ASPRO' during the Crisis. We were amongst the first to answer the call for men and started the digging on Peckham Rye. None of us had done work of this kind since the last war and being out in all weathers we were naturally stiff and cramped and I soon recommended 'ASPRO' to my friends and they worked like magic and every man was able to carry on and finished up more fit than when we started, thanks to 'ASPRO.' I myself served in the Boer War and also in the last Campaign and always fly to 'ASPRO' as soon as I feel any effect. I am 58 years of age and feel 10 years younger, and would not be without them as they give me renewed energy.

You may use this reference and I sincerely hope that everyone that sees it will benefit.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
JAMES F. MERRYWEATHER.

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Grin & Bear It

A Semi-Official MYSTERY

RUM is not so popular in the Navy as it used to be, it is stated by courtesy of the Ministry of Information. The staple beverage in warships is tea.

If the bosun drinks your rum, never mind!
In war such grim events must always be!
He's entitled to his tot,
But Jack Tar will mind a lot
If the blighter swipes his nice hot cup o' tea!

* * *

A Cross to Bear

The Iron Cross has been bestowed on 40,000 German soldiers who took part in the Polish campaign.

Half an ounce of butter,
An ounce or two of tea—
These are for the house frau
The fruits of victory!

Thousands killed and wounded,
And forty thousand bits
Of metal—Iron Crosses—
The share of Karl and Fritz!

As for the noble leader,
The Reich's victorious boss,
His triumph something more demands,
So his reward, from Stalin's hands
He gets—the Double Cross!

* * *

Exclusive!

A semi-official report from Rome, via Oslo, has reached Croydon from the New York correspondent of the Danish "Wofflebiatterpud," who, telegraphing from Capetown, quotes a story current in semi-official circles in Washington which reaches him from Belgrade, where it was received with reserve from the London correspondent of the Hamburg "Hegandpigandblattie" in Tokio, to the effect that, with all this here-and-there and dashing about, it's forgotten what it was going to say when it started out.

He gets a Double Cross

* * *

Half-timers

What is a semi-official, anyway? Only asking. You can still ask.

We all know that all these semi-official reports come from the semi-officials, but I mean have you ever seen one?

Guess they're just part-time officials and not one of these £3-a-weekers like the Minister of Information.

They've got to be there all the time, not being semi. And for keeps. Well, until the war's over, anyway.

Then there won't be any Minister of Information.

These blind-alley jobs. . . . Makes you wonder what to do with the boy now he's fourteen, doesn't it?

* * *

Comeandaveone

Sir John Anderson refuses to accept the suggestion of a woman M.P., who shall be nameless, that there is urgent need for reinstalling the "no-treating" order. He apparently regards such suggestions as being all my eye and Nancy Astor.

* * *

Business as Usual

"Goebbels is dead,"
So rumour said;
But Nazi papers crammed
With lies, we fear,
Make it quite clear
That he is merely damned!

* * *

Heard it described yesterday as the war to end the last war.

* * *

It's a Crime

Honest, is it fair? There's the Wopples all on A.R.P. as hard as they can go—mum and pop and the boys and girls—£23 a week between them, and the pub doing a steady business all the time.

And the very day they take delivery of a new Rolls, petrol rations come in and the car is no use to them.

I mean, if we're fighting for this sort of thing, what are we fighting for? Not that sort of thing, surely? Well, then.

* * *

Sob Stuff

"Fathers are poor, pitiful, tragic creatures," declares Frederic F. Van de Walter, the American critic.

"Lyrics of motherhood are many," he points out, "but what lyrics have been inspired by fatherhood?"

If that's all that's wanted. Well! Boy, bring me my lyre. . . .

* * *

I fain would sing in praise of one I honour and adore,
And that's my father, my sainted father!
I would not be upon the earth if it had not been for
My loving father, the best I've got!
Who's pants, cut down, was I, with bitter shame, compelled to wear?
Who was it (quite unconsciously) first taught me how to swear,
Then (aided by a slipper) tried my morals to repair?
Why, my fond father, my dear old pop!

CHORUS (to be crooned):

Though his hair would now be grey
If he had it, and the way
He bulges at the waist makes one repine,
Tender thoughts of dear old dad
Still are cherished by the lad
Whose money-box he robbed in auld lang syne!

Y. Z.

Old Bill on the Home Front!

By Bruce Bairnsfather

There is no further news. We will now play a record entitled "London Bridge is falling down."

Thro' Other Eyes

HITLER MAKES HIS WILL

Hitler: "And I name Goering and Hess as my successors."
Young Egypt: "Why? Chamberlain will be running Germany before long."

Akher Saa, Egypt.

MAD DOG

(New York Herald Tribune.)

"Oi! Goering! We must black-out these during air raid exercises!"
"Candide," Paris.

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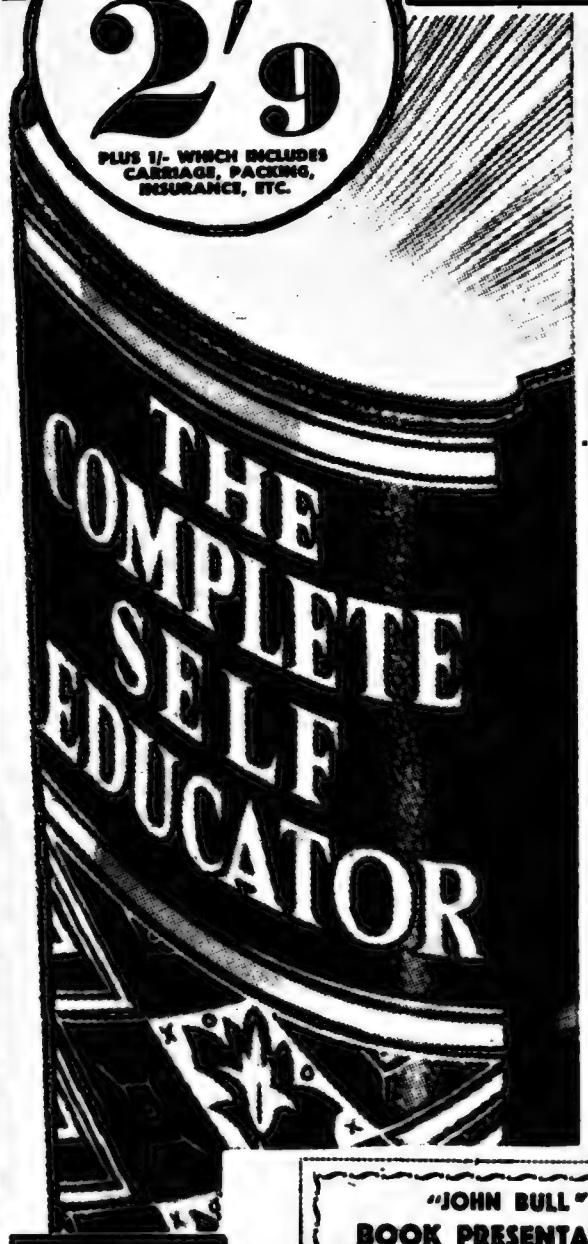

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"Tommy, Jack and Bill"

THE FIGHTING MAN'S FRIEND

The bos'n's whistle sounds across the quarterdeck, reassuring the lads of the Navy. "John Bull's" experts reassure them, too. What's your worry?

Can every mother obtain an allowance for her soldier son?

Is there no clear ruling to safeguard tenants who can no longer pay their full rent?

What redress have unfit men who are passed for Army Service?

Can debtors evade their responsibilities because of changed conditions?

STILL they come, these war-time posers. Letters from old folk and young. From relatives of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack and Airman Bill. From employers and employed, the well-to-do and the workless.

Yet JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is keeping its head above the flood of problems, and if you are in difficulty we guarantee to deal with your problem promptly and authoritatively.

Perhaps your trouble will be elucidated if you read these abbreviated answers to a few questions answered in the last few days:

J. M., Barnsley.—"My son is due for a medical board. He has bad hearing and eyesight. If he is passed, can I appeal against the decision?"

It is unlikely that he will be graded as a fit man. If he is, you can appeal to the Secretary of State for War, War Office, London, S.W.1, asking for another medical board to be authorised.

F. S., Westminster.—"Do agreements for the supply of goods still have to be carried out?"

A contract between two parties remains enforceable unless circumstances, over which neither party has control, make it impossible to carry out terms of the undertaking.

M. T., East Ham.—"Am I entitled to an allowance in respect of my only son, who has been called up? My husband is in work."

Dependants' allowances are made to widowed mothers unable to support themselves; not to mothers whose husbands are alive and capable of supporting them. Your son can make you an allotment from his pay.

Mrs. R., Salisbury.—"My boy joined up under age. Can I obtain his discharge?"

You can if he declared his age as seventeen and a half or over, but is actually younger than seventeen. If he is between seventeen and seventeen and a half, he'll be discharged if claimed within two months of enlistment, or if there are compassionate grounds and he consents.

G. C., Liverpool.—"I am an upholsterer, aged thirty-three. Can I take up full-time A.R.P. work?"

No. You are in a Reserved Occupation. But you can volunteer for part-time service.

Mrs. W., Plumpton.—"I am thirty-six and I have no children. My husband wants to know what pension I should receive if he were killed while fighting abroad, and how it compares to the pension paid to the widow of a man killed in the last war?"

You would get 15s. 6d. a week. Rate under the Royal Warrant of 1919, in similar circumstances, was 20s. a week.

J. J., Carmarthen.—"I shall be twenty next month; should I register now at the local Ministry of Labour office?"

Under the new Military Training Act, you will be notified by public notice or by a direct communication to register according to its provisions.

Mrs. M., Glasgow.—"My boy, a soldier, is easily led by his companions and makes me no allotment from his pay. Can his superior officers make him do this?"

An allotment is voluntary. You can only write again to your son, reminding him of your need.

N. P., Ilford.—"I am an Army reservist not yet called up because my work is of national importance. My term as a reservist expires next month; can I be retained for military service?"

Yes, for one year on your Regular attestation.

J. R., Northampton.—"What allotment must I make from my Army pay so that my widowed mother may obtain an allowance?"

A private makes an allotment of 7s. from his pay of 14s.

Mrs. H., Manchester.—"I am a widow receiving the old age pension. Should I receive an allowance in respect of my son, my main support, who has been called up?"

Yes. Your son will receive the necessary form from his unit. You will get your form at the nearest post office.

A. F., Weymouth.—"Aged twenty, I am now due for military service. But what will happen to my small business?"

You can claim a postponement certificate to enable you to arrange for someone to carry on the business during your absence on service.

T. S., Leamington.—"Though a bricklayer, I am too young for the Reserved Occupations class. But as I'm engaged on building a munition works, I'm wondering whether I shall be called up?"

That is for the authorities to decide. You might be retained for some time.

F. H., East London.—"If I become an Army private, how much will my wife receive?"

Normal weekly allowance is 17s., conditional on an allotment from the soldier's pay.

Mrs. B., Stroud.—"Shall I be able to get an allowance in respect of both my sons when they are called up?"

It will depend on several factors; total income when the whole family is at home and working, and so on.

P. F., Leeds.—"My son enlisted in the Territorials, but was discharged as unfit for active service. He cannot get either the bounty or his discharge papers."

He is not entitled to the bounty and should apply to his County Territorial Headquarters for his discharge papers.

* * *

IF YOUR WAR-TIME PERPLEXITY IS NOT REMOVED BY THESE ANSWERS TO OTHER READERS' QUERIES, WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

War Measures—and YOU

By a Barrister M.P.

JOHN BULL has arranged with a Member of Parliament, who is also a Barrister, to explain the meaning of Forty Acts of Parliament, passed since war began. He will advise those who are in doubt.

RECENTLY introduced rent restrictions mean that ninety-eight out of every hundred dwelling places, including flats and "rooms," will remain under complete control until six months after the end of the war.

Extending to premises used partly as shops, offices and workrooms, these restrictions will even protect small traders, but as yet there is no control over on-licence premises—hotels and public-houses—estates of local council houses, or furnished lodgings, with or without attendance or board.

All dwelling-accommodation is controlled and no rents can be raised where:—

In the Metropolitan Police Area, the rent does not exceed 38s. 5½d. a week (or £100 a year). Metropolitan Police Area goes to Barnet and Potters Bar in the north; Dagenham and Crayford in the east; Uxbridge and Staines in the west; Coulsdon and Ewell in the south.

In Wales and the rest of England, the rent does not exceed 28s. 11d. a week (or £70 a year).

In Scotland, the rent does not exceed 34s. 7½d. a week (or £90 a year).

This does not mean that if you live at Uxbridge your landlord can now raise the rent to 38s. 5½d. a week. It means that if your present rent is below 38s. 6d. he cannot increase it unless:—

It includes rates and/or he, later on, carries out structural alterations that are improvements to your house.

The Act allows a landlord to add any increases in rates that he has to meet if rates are included in the rent. It gives him permission also to add to the annual rent up to 8 per cent. (but no more) of the cost to him of any structural improvements.

He must not add to the rent the cost of any decorations and repairs. And he can only add the 8 per cent. for alterations if these have been necessary. If you think they weren't essential, you appeal to the County Court to prevent the 8 per cent. being added.

The rent demanded from a new tenant must not exceed the rent paid by the previous tenant, even if the house was empty at the beginning of September, 1939. For premises are not to be decontrolled on vacant possession. The maximum rent of a house now being erected is to be the rent at which it is first let.

Although rents of furnished lodgings have not been included, the Act says that a landlord must not take a higher profit from letting furnished rooms than was reasonable for the same accommodation at the beginning of September, 1939.

If he profiteers, he becomes liable to a fine of £100, and the tenant may recover the amount he has been overcharged.

BE OF GOOD CHEER . . . and be patient, because it is only with the hotheads and loose-mouths that—

OUR PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED!

"Without Fear or Favour" by The EDITOR

THE superlative "comic gag" of recent times was certainly coined by Adolf Hitler. Every time he said, "My patience is nearly exhausted," the world audience knew that the world's most impudent bully was plotting some fresh villainy.

And this war started when, at long last, we lost patience with the smash-and-grab gangsters who rule Germany to-day.

It has been in progress barely a month, and some of our know-alls in mufti are beginning to complain that our fighting men are not doing enough fighting!

The arm-chair experts are at it again. The critics' chorus is swelling on our own hearth.

JOHN BULL despises these ignorant loose-mouths. *Our* patience is exhausted, too!

We are, above all, impatient of impatience itself.

No matter how long it takes, Britain's resolve is to smash Hitlerism.

The democracies want peace now as much as they ever did, but they don't want peace at any price. Gangsterism must first be ended and the rule of law restored among the nations.

The enemy is putting out "peace feelers" already. They are the tentacles of the octopus. More definite "offers" or "ultimatums" must be expected, but they will certainly be ignored.

No Parleys with the Faithless!

For the truth is that we *cannot* talk peace with the Nazi bosses. We *cannot* do business with faithless men.

And that is why we are preparing for a three-years' war and are willing "to make haste slowly."

It has not been easy to watch the strutting "Little Corporal" of the Reich sating his "exhausted patience" on the agony of Poland.

Storm Troops have attended Hitler and armoured trains conveyed him from one safe vantage place to the next.

He has defied death at long distance. He has led his conquering ruffians from the rear.

But—owing to the still incomprehensible intervention of the "Red Army" and the sheer weight of numbers—the Nazis have over-run one-half of Poland, slaughtering without mercy as they advanced.

The Allies were powerless to avert this great tragedy, but they will surely avenge it. That is our consolation.

In fact, we *must* have patience. Victory is a question of time, and time is on our side.

In General Gamelin we have a greater strategist than any German leader. The British and French Navies rule and will continue to rule the seas. We gain in strength with every passing day. We can afford to wait.

This is—let's face it—a "queer" war. For some time, at least, we see no likelihood of decisive battles.

For that matter, most of the big offensives of the last war, such as Champagne and the Somme, and even the German push of 1917, were far too costly to be worth while.

This time we may gain, but we do not need to seek, a decision on the battle-field. It is enough for us to hold our impregnable front.

WE CAN BREAK THE POWER OF HITLERISM FOR EVER BY HOLDING FAST.

BECAUSE OUR PATIENCE IS AT LAST EXHAUSTED, WE MUST NOW DISPLAY THE SUPREME COURAGE OF AN INEXHAUSTIBLE PATIENCE.

Far be it from JOHN BULL to defend the unimaginative silences of the Ministry of Information.

Britain is Still Warming Up

Far be it from us to excuse the dreary emptiness of the B.B.C.'s official programmes.

We were the first to denounce, and we shall be the last to condone, the bleak and stupid officialdom of our own bureaucrats.

We declare now, as we have declared all along, that at least half the official appointments at the Ministry of Information—and most other Ministries—could not be justified to the satisfaction of a national jury.

Nevertheless, no censorship can "pass" the news that hasn't happened, and no intelligent man or woman would even wish to be given a tale of sham successes or treated to an epic of mock triumphs.

And the plain truth is that, except on the High Seas and in the air, Great Britain's gathering might has, so far, been held almost entirely in reserve.

But the reserves are piling up. Troopship after troopship crosses the Channel under safe convoy.

Cargo after cargo of guns, munitions, coals and war material of every kind is being landed in France.

The main striking force of our own Air Arm may by this time be assembled beyond the narrow seas.

We still rain leaflets upon the enemy's civilians. They are not very clever leaflets. They are worded, we imagine, by highly paid writers who know nothing either of journalism or human nature. But they might be bombs, and this at least every German understands.

On German Soil This Time

We want you to understand that, too. We ask you to believe that a month of seemingly inactive war has increased the prospects of early victory and left the enemy in sore perplexity.

We are not allowed to give you news which the Ministry of Information, in its wisdom—if any—refuses to release, but we can give you our own estimate of the comparative value of recent gains and losses. And we think we have scored heavily in every theatre of war excepting only that of Poland.

On the Western Front all the fighting is now taking place on German territory.

One may need a big-scale map to show the host of small advances which have been achieved, but one needs nothing but plain common-sense to realise the big moral advantage of this outstanding fact.

During the last war, except for a passing threat to East Prussia, Germany never knew what invasion meant.

On the contrary, her troops over-ran and occupied neutral and enemy country from the very start.

Now the situation is reversed.

The Allies have crossed the frontier. Their guns dominate the wealthy mining districts of the Saar.

Thousands of square miles of strictly German land are either occupied by Allied troops or held under the deadly menace of Allied guns.

That is not all. The Polish campaign has entailed heavy German casualties. One French critic puts the German losses at 150,000 killed and wounded, and estimates that more than 400 'planes have been shot down or destroyed.

We cannot confirm these figures, but we know that no "lightning war" of this magnitude can possibly be won except at an enormous price in men and material.

AND IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY THAT THIS PRICE, ALREADY PAID, HAS MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE GERMANS TO ACHIEVE A SECOND "LIGHTNING WAR" ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Great Britain and France are preparing for a three-years' war. German leaders declare that they can stand a long war too, but they lie, and they know that they are lying.

In a single month their exports have dwindled by 50 per cent. Their merchant navy has been driven from the seas.

Their gold reserves have vanished, and their credit has been destroyed.

Secret Nightmare of the Nazis

The enemy's position within his own frontiers has also deteriorated.

We do not believe there is yet any danger of severe food shortage in the Reich, but the German people is sternly rationed and remembers the effect of the blockade in the last war.

The fear of shortage is therefore growing in their hearts.

Again, although it would be the height of folly to magnify each report of sabotage into serious rebellion, we *know* that in Czechoslovakia and in Austria—and here and there in Germany itself—opposition to the Nazi bosses grows daily.

Factories *have* been wrecked; mysterious explosions *have* occurred; large bands of angry workers *have* defied the Gestapo, and important military forces *have* been diverted in order to suppress these outbreaks of furious discontent.

—"I promised my people Peace—well, here it is!"

Ruthlessness can never overcome a widespread disaffection; on the contrary, it tends to strengthen it and spread it wider still.

With each successive month of war, the Nazis will need to retain stronger forces at home to watch and control the stubborn enemies in their midst.

And when the last Polish soldier has been disarmed, great armies will still have to police a vanquished country smouldering with hate.

Above all, the mass of the German public which is still under Hitler's spell is bewildered and shaken by the pact with Russia.

THE RANK AND FILE NAZIS THEMSELVES DO NOT KNOW WHERE THEY STAND. THEY HAVE HEARD THEIR LEADER FORSWEAR HIS OWN GOSPEL.

Once, as Monsieur Giraudaux, the French Commissioner-General of Information, truly said, "they had an aim as well as a leader."

Now they have nothing to look forward to except the certainty of defeat in a war which need never have been started.

Time, we repeat, is enormously on our side. That is why we are losing patience with the impatient and ill-informed critics on our own hearth.

Some of these people would have had us send tens of thousands to their death in "smashing blows" at the Siegfried Line. Some would have us—Heaven alone knows how!—fight by the side of the Poles.

And some, still more foolish, are impressed by German threats of what will happen to the Allies after Poland has been liquidated, and of that "unknown weapon" of which Hitler boasted.

He has no unknown weapon. The Allied command is prepared to meet any and every threat. Mr. Churchill has assured us that we have broken the power of the submarine.

Victory Must be Ours!

And if there *were* any hitherto unknown weapon of war, we believe that our side is more likely to own it than any other.

But we would not be so foolish as to boast of it in advance!

Hitlerism has exhausted the whole world's patience. Roosevelt may have a hard task to defeat his isolationists, but Germany herself will supply him with his final argument.

She will compel America sooner or later to lift the arms embargo, just as she is now compelling the smaller neutrals to watchful preparedness and to an anxious, though undeclared, hostility.

BE OF GOOD HEART, THEREFORE, AND BE CONTENT, IF NEEDS MUST, TO MARK TIME A LITTLE LONGER.

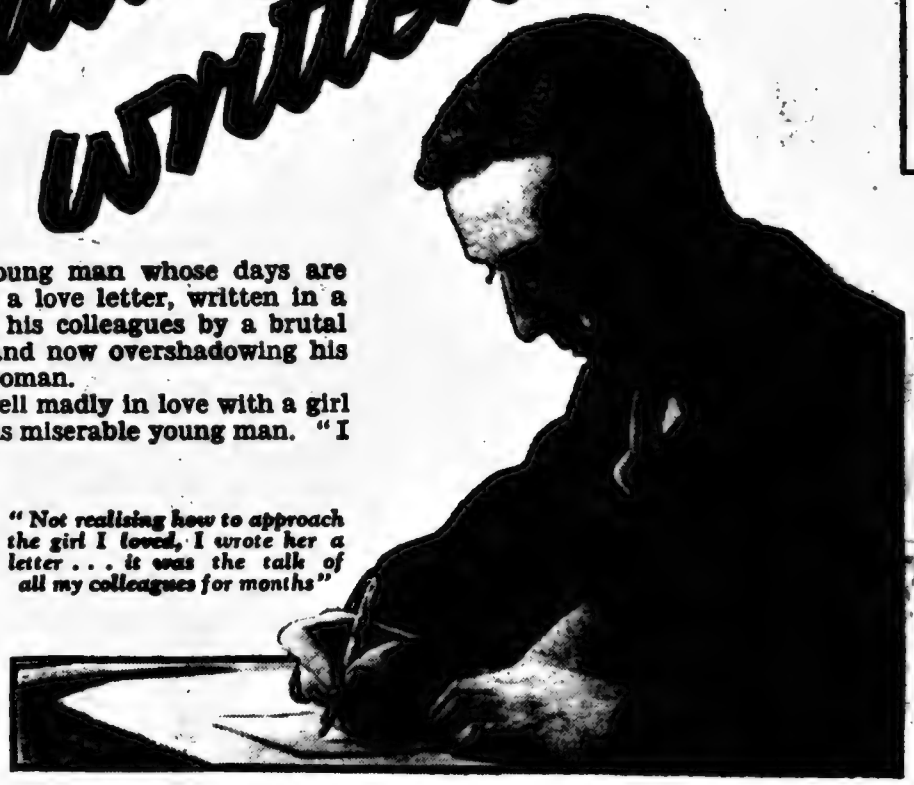
We cannot tell what course the war may take in ensuing weeks, and we cannot foresee what sacrifices and trials we may have to bear.

But we are certain of ultimate victory. We can bank upon the relentless and patient purpose of the British and French peoples.

"I wish I hadn't written it!"

CONSIDER the misery of a young man whose days are haunted by the memory of a love letter, written in a rash moment, shown to all his colleagues by a brutal girl who jeered at his sentiment, and now overshadowing his deep affection for another young woman.

"It is now three years since I fell madly in love with a girl working in the same office," says this miserable young man. "I was very shy, too shy to mention my passion to her, or to let her know that I spent my days thinking about her.



"Not realising how to approach the girl I loved, I wrote her a letter . . . it was the talk of all my colleagues for months"

"Not realising the best methods of approach I wrote a letter to her, and what a letter! It was the talk of the office for months, and as I look back I wonder how I managed to face my colleagues day after day, knowing that the girl who had been the object of my affections was still reminding them of my indiscretion.

"I considered every form of suicide at first, but gradually it was all forgotten. I began to look back on my first love affair as a rather grim, youthful mishap, not without humour.

"Now at twenty I am beginning to pay again for my haste in expressing my love for a girl I now dislike.

"I have fallen in love with the friend of the girl to whom I sent that mad, burning letter. This time it is real love, a deep, overwhelming passion.

"It is no repetition of that early affair, no silly, sentimental notion.

"I am crazy about her.

"And she knows about that letter, knows all the laughter and trouble that it caused, even though it has never been mentioned between us.

"SHE always seems happy when we are together, but she is inclined to be cynical. I daren't mention my love to her. Every time I try to express my feelings I think of that silly indiscretion. I'm afraid of her laughter. What is there for me to do?"

Still haunting his memory. That letter ought to have been forgotten years ago. I advise him to dismiss it from his mind altogether.

Thousands of young men have written extravagant letters that have never even been taken seriously, even though they have become great literature.

This young man has allowed his letter to become an obsession; attaching to it an importance it does not deserve, colouring his life without reason.

Now he believes the girl with whom he really is in love is cynical, but few girls are as "hard-boiled" as they pretend. Cynics wish to appear hard on the surface, like crabs or lobsters, but are quite soft within.

Human beings are vertebrates, not crustaceans. The hard bones of common-sense are within. The "hard-boiled" girl has usually been hurt at some time, and poses as a cynic in the hope that her toughness will act as "self-protection."

If sure of his feelings, this youngster should tell his girl friend of his love for her, looking on that haunting letter only as an indiscretion of impetuous youth. He will find that if he makes love to her sincerely, the girl's cynicism will vanish like snow in the warmth of the sun.

A girl does not think less of a man because he is capable of losing his head as well as his heart.

Another young man is troubled because he is deeply in love with a girl who says she doesn't love him, even though she is "very fond of his company."

"For two years we have been going around together," he says. "She is now nineteen; I am twenty. I am terribly in love with her. She says she is terribly fond of me, but not in love with me.

"We go for walks together twice a week and she invites me to her home on Sundays. It worries me a lot to think that she is not in love with me, but as soon as we begin to discuss the problem we both become very upset. It makes things worse.

"Her mother and father are kind to me, and seem to encourage our friendship. The girl tells me that she feels very lonely when we are not together, but she feels too young to take things seriously.

"I CAN'T ask her to my home because my parents don't wish me to have anything to do with a girl who has not settled down.

"I am crazily in love. What is there for us to do?"

This young man obviously wants to make the girl love him as much as he loves her, but there's nothing that can be done about it.

There is no magic prescription, no genuine love philtre.

Falling in love is something that just happens; you can't force it or prevent it.

Probably the girl has romantic ideas about love, and is discontented because she does not feel lyrical or enchanted about her boy friend, but these marvellous experiences of first-love are no guarantee of enduring affection. It is possible to attach too much attention to them.

The girl's feelings may still be dormant. The miracle may happen any time between fifteen and thirty. She may have a "late Spring."

I advise the young man not to worry about the girl's emotions. It is a mistake to keep examining them, and trying to analyse them. Leave it all to Nature.

I have had letters from people who have never fallen in love in their lives. I have had others from people who have fallen in and out of love a dozen times. I have even had letters from people who think it is possible to create love by philtres and charms.

Philtres, no! Charms, yes. But only the charms that Nature bestows on young people without their asking.

"THERE is nothing left to which I can cling," is the pathetic cry of a woman whose life seems to be threatened by her own inability to override depression.

"I have been married for twelve years," she says. "I have two sons. Everything went well until three years ago when I seemed to have a nervous collapse, and now I always feel ill and depressed. I go on from day to day, quite heartbroken.

"My husband, a cold-natured man, refuses to listen when I try to tell him how ill I feel. He doesn't even show any love for me. Do you wonder I grieve?

"My parents look after my younger son at week-ends, so that I can go out, but it is an effort for me to go anywhere, Humanist.

"I avoid people. Speak to no one. Have nothing to say.

"If it were not for the children I would have left my husband years ago. As a hungry person pleads for food, I plead for affection and receive only rebuffs. I am told there is much to be thankful for.

"I weep all day. I do my work automatically. If my husband were only more helpful, I would be in heaven. Please help me."

I have had other letters similar to this, letters from women who are secretly craving for sympathy and affection, but are "frozen up" inside.

It would be easy to blame husbands, but I am not sure they are altogether guilty.

It is difficult to demonstrate affection when there is no response. These poor men probably try it once or twice, then decide it is hopeless.

Everlasting depression and weariness are proof of neurotic condition. The victim is at war with herself, and wastes energy in self-suppression. It would require a psychologist to get to the root of the trouble.

The woman probably did not love her husband when she married him, and this knowledge, concealed like a dreadful secret, may nag at her conscience. She buries it deep within her.

That is only one suggestion. There may be fifty others. The trouble lies in the woman's own heart, and she is making herself ill. If only she could allow it to escape she would be a different being.

Bottles of tonic are useless.

A woman can no more run away from such a trouble than she can escape from her own shadow. Sometimes it is best to go away for a time. Take a long holiday, for example, so she can see things more in perspective.

Hard work might also help to turn her attention away from herself.

When alone, her thoughts keep going round in circles. If she is compelled to forget herself entirely, the strain will be eased.

HUMANIST

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter

Look up and Smile — the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile — the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

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Increase Your Knowledge!

JOHN BULL announces on page 14 an entirely new work, "The Complete Self-Educator," the greatest, most complete book for Self-Education and Home Study ever produced. Fifteen Great Courses in a single volume; nearly 200 invaluable lessons.

Now war time conditions compel most of us to spend evenings at home, this great book presents a marvellous opportunity for everyone to reach a high standard of education in a way that makes learning a pleasure.

A few minutes every evening with this book will equip you with the education that is the secret of greater earning power.

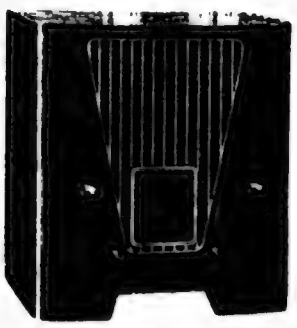
You can buy this great work at an amazingly low privilege price. Turn to page 14.

Give us a Chance!

The Services have claimed quite a lot of our people, Material is not easy to get, and Transport is pretty difficult. So you can imagine that we've got quite a few problems to solve. You are ordering Murphy Sets at a terrifically high rate, thank you very much, but it doesn't make things any easier. We are doing our very best, but we just can't guarantee to give all our Dealers all the sets they want within a couple of hours. So if you *have* to be a bit patient, bless you, you will be . . . . . won't you?

One thing I want to say: In these days any talk about this and that "feature" of a wireless set seems to me pretty pointless. There is one outstandingly important question: *Is this set reliable?* We never have and never will promise that nothing *ever* goes wrong with Murphy Sets, but most Murphy owners will tell you that our standard of reliability is high. I am going to do my best to see that it is not lowered.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.



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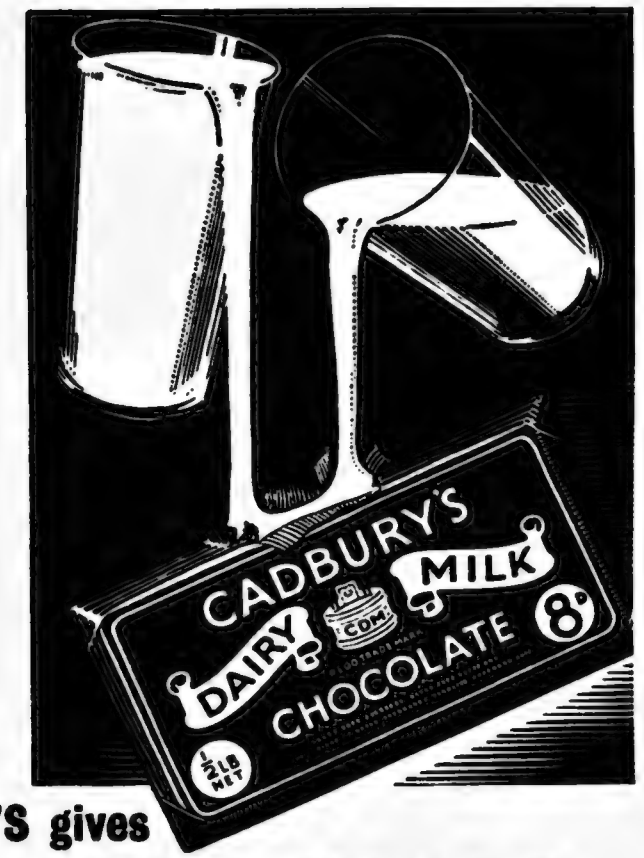
Radio

Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
All Murphy Sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for one year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
C.B.C. 208

REMEMBER—THIS CHOCOLATE IS A FOOD



ONE 4 oz. block of CADBURY'S gives you enough energy to walk 8 miles

Housewives! One of the easiest foods to store in a small space is Cadbury's delicious Milk Chocolate. It is one of the most *concentrated* foods known — arctic expeditions regularly carry Cadbury's for its high concentrated food value.
ONE 4 oz. BLOCK ALONE can give you enough energy to walk 8 miles!

FOOD YOU CAN CARRY — FOOD THAT KEEPS

For quick meals you can carry anywhere, eat at any time, lay in a good stock of Cadbury's right away. In a cool, dry place it will keep for a long period. Do not delay — get your Cadbury's *to-day*.

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
'feeds you on your feet'

Polly of the WHITTINGTON

Will Scott continues in his inimitable manner a series of short stories that are perfect cameos of life when fact comes near to being fiction

YOU have, of course, read "Polly of the Whittington." In nine weeks it has become the book of the year.

But let's go back a bit. Back to the days before the man with the staring eyes first came to the pub.

To begin with, as everybody knows, the name of the pub. isn't the "Whittington" at all. It's the "Old Bells of Bow," and it's supposed to be one of the oldest pubs. in all the City.

They say (but, of course, they say anything) that Alderman Fitzwarren himself took wine there on the very day when he drove out his most famous apprentice.

Similarly, Polly's name isn't Polly. It's Mabel. When I say it's Mabel I suppose I ought to say it *was* Mabel. She's Polly to everybody now, and always will be. But Mabel for nearly forty years she was.

"Mabel of the Old Bells of Bow."

It doesn't sound right, somehow.

Now, Mabel's a nice girl, as lots of you know. One of the best. A smile and a word for everybody in all the twenty years she's been back of the bar in the "Old Bells of Bow."

But a nice girl can have ambition, and although Mabel has been back of the bar in the "Old Bells of Bow" for all those twenty years she never meant to be there for more than about twenty minutes

Ambition. Yes, Mabel had ambition. Like millions before her and millions to come. Being a barmaid was nothing. Customers said "Hello" and sometimes called you "dearie," but you were nobody, really

Between serving tankards of ale, Mabel used to imagine herself surrounded by admirers

In the papers (you remember, twenty years ago) were the faces of girls who were getting to the front on the stage in a day or less. Girls you'd never heard of; so that experience seemed to be nothing if you'd got the talent.

If you'd got the talent it seemed to be the easiest thing in the world to get to the front. Twenty years ago.

Mabel used to imagine things.

Mabel used to imagine herself famous, which is easy, as lots of us have found.

She used to imagine her picture in all the papers.

She used to imagine herself signing her autograph across her photographs and handing them out to her admirers.

She used to imagine *everybody* crowding to meet her.

"This is Mabel. You know all about Mabel, of course. Yes, *the* Mabel. Yes, really. Introduce you? Certainly. Mabel, I'd like you to meet my friend . . ."

Yes, Mabel used to imagine things. But imagining things gets you nowhere. You've got to be up and doing.

And doing what? That was Mabel's problem.

In the dim interior of the "Old Bells of Bow," artificially lit all day long, with its dark ceilings and its hundreds and hundreds of framed prints all over the panelled walls of its ancient rooms and staircases, Mabel, between serving tankards of old ale, used to wonder how.

The faces of the famous used to look down on her all day long. Dickens, Thackeray, old Dr. Johnson—scores of them, whose faces and names everybody knew; they'd all known the "Old Bells of Bow" in ages gone by.

PEOPLE looked at their faces and whispered their names now, a hundred years after and more.

It made you tired of being a barmaid, with the chance of always being a barmaid and nothing but. When you felt, somewhere inside you, that, given the chance, you could be a Big Name yourself.

Given the chance. . . .

There was, appropriately, on one wall of the "Old Bells of Bow," a signed photograph of Dick Whittington himself, sitting on his milestone on Highgate Hill, looking back at the old pub. five miles away.

It was signed "Judy O'Connell," and she had been in the pantomime in 1898. There were people who still remembered her and talked about her. *She* hadn't been only a barmaid.

That photograph, which was always Dick and never Judy to Mabel, was a constant reminder to Mabel that you didn't have to start at the Top to get to the Top. It didn't matter in the least, so long as you started.

So Mabel started.

This was back in '19 or '20.

She started at the piano with a serious song.

Mabel hadn't much of a voice in '19, and it isn't worth tuppence now. But she'd seen a few of the stars up West, and it didn't seem to her that this mattered very much.

As she put it to herself, her voice was pretty well as bad as theirs, so she ought to have a sporting chance.

SHE started at the piano with a serious song between hours when the pub. was closed. The boss used to listen to her, sometimes. He never said anything. She took this to mean that she couldn't be bad or he would say something.

He meant his silence for kindness. He didn't like to hurt her feelings.

After weeks and weeks, when she thought she was good enough for an audience, one night she sang to a few of the regulars at the "Old Bells of Bow."

They laughed and applauded.

Laughed. . . .

So upstairs went Mabel and looked in her mirror.

She was not and never had been a Venus. Mary Pickford had no need to be jealous, even then, back in '19 or '20. Mabel would never be a World's Sweetheart.

On the other hand, she had never thought of herself as comic.

So now she thought, looking at her face in the mirror.

Yes . . there might be something in *that*. . . .

So Mabel tried again. She sang comic songs with comic expressions. And nobody laughed.

So Mabel gave it up. And went on being a barmaid.

But there's one thing you can't do, try as you like; you can't kill ambition if ambition's there. There might be no future for Mabel as a singer, comic or otherwise; but that wasn't to say she hadn't a future.

She let a year or two pass; then she had another shot. Politics it was this time.

In '22 or thereabouts, you'll remember, women were going into Parliament. Not just into politics, but into Parliament. With crowds to cheer them and pictures of them everywhere.

And, as Mabel told herself, she couldn't be worse than the people who were already in Parliament. So she began to read up politics.

Have you ever read up politics? With the idea of taking it up as a living? You throw the thing aside as a hopeless job after page 3 and begin to argue with the other fellow. It's easier and you seem to be getting somewhere.

That way it was with Mabel, over the bar of the "Old Bells of Bow." She began to argue with the regulars. It was easier than reading up politics.

Only . . . she didn't seem to be getting anywhere. The regulars appeared to have gone a bit further than page 3.

They tied her up, as the saying goes, in knots

And before 1923 had got far on its way Mabel had retired from politics.

They were talking about ambition one night in the private bar, and Mabel got dragged into it.

"Me?" said Mabel. "Well, I don't mean to be a barmaid all my life, thank you. I mean to say, it doesn't lead anywhere. I shall be married and out of it before you know where you are."

But late in 1929 Mabel was thirty years old. She was still behind the bar of the "Old Bells of Bow." In 1920 not the World's Sweetheart. In 1929, nobody's.

"It's a life!" as she said to her face in the glass one night. "Day after day—year after year. Nobody ever hears of you."

IT was the man with the staring eyes who first gave Mabel the idea of writing a book. She was near enough to forty by this time, and all the ambitions of her early life were forgotten.

She had become part of the "Old Bells of Bow." Like the beer-machines and the linoleum.

The man with the staring eyes used to come every evening and sit alone and say nothing.

Mabel used to wonder who he could be. If you could only find out, she thought, there'd be a story in a man with eyes like that.

For that matter, there'd be a story in

(Continued on page 22)

LIXEN
fruit flavoured LAXATIVE lozenges
LIXEN
Elixir liquid LAXATIVE
LIXEN
the good natured LAXATIVE
FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS
LIXEN ELIXIR for all who prefer a palatable liquid laxative in bottles 1/-, 1/9, 3/-.
LIXEN LOZENGES a delicious sweet-like laxative. Tins of 12 for 7½d., 24 for 1/-.
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

BOILING ENDED FOR EVER!

1½ hours saved every washday!
Few minutes' soak makes whites snowy!
Hard rubbing absolutely unnecessary!

THERE'S absolutely no need to boil whites any more! Now, thanks to an amazing new discovery with Rinso, clothes can be *soaked* dazzlingly clean in a few minutes instead.

This revolutionary "No Boiling" Rinso method saves gas, electricity, or coal on every copperload. It saves 1½ hours' work every washday. It cuts out all hard rubbing and scrubbing. And it saves clothes, too—actual tests prove that continual boiling and hard rubbing make whites dingy, fade the coloureds and reduce the life of clothes by one-third.

Simply soak your clothes for a few minutes, do no boiling at all, do no hard rubbing—you'll have a brilliant clothes-line in record time . . . if you use Rinso (3½d., 6d., and 1/- a packet).

Follow these easy instructions:

Separate your ordinarily dirty whites from the extra-dirty ones. Put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of an hour while the suds warm up. Take them out, and into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. (Simply damp the extra-grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso.) Now let this second batch soak for twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling.

NO BOILING NOW WITH RINSO

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R. S. Hudson Limited, London

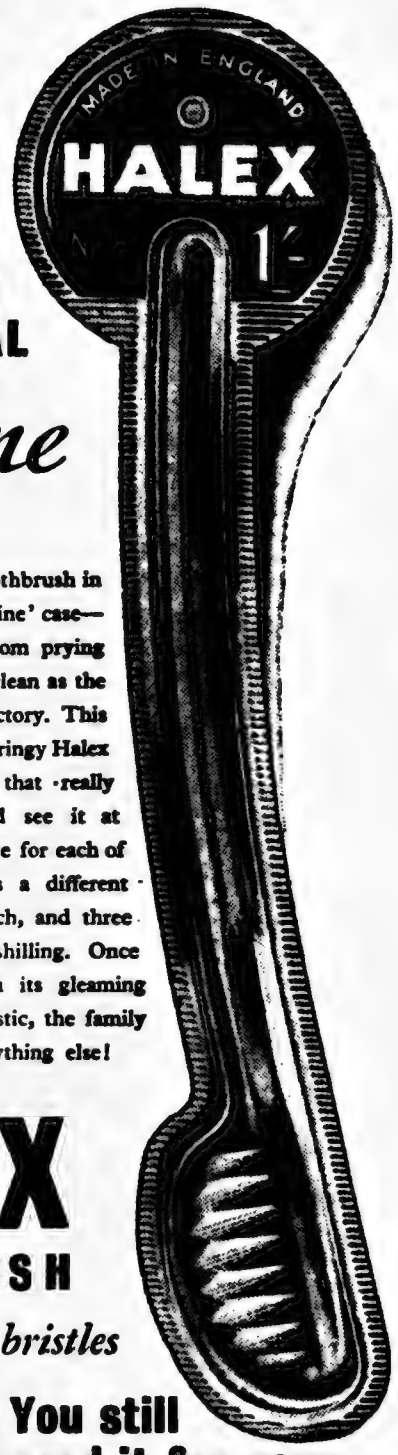
LOOK

FOR THE TOOTHBRUSH IN THIS SENSATIONAL

Streamline

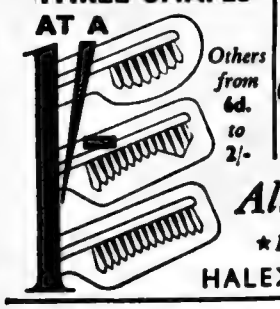
CASE!

Here is the HALEX toothbrush in the lovely new 'Streamline' case—safe from dust, safe from prying fingers, as hygienically clean as the day it left the Halex factory. This brush has the famous springy Halex bristles — the bristles that *really stay* springy. Go and see it at your chemists. Get one for each of the family — there's a different coloured handle for each, and three different shapes at a shilling. Once they see this brush in its gleaming case of transparent plastic, the family will refuse to take anything else!



THE **HALEX** TOOTHBRUSH

the brush with SPRINGY bristles



You still need it for your HALEXERCISE

All in the 'Streamline' case

★ *During the war, prices subject to alteration without notice.*

HALEX LTD · HALE END · LONDON, E.4

OCTOBER

COLDS AND CHILLS ENDED FOR 2D

Also Wonderful for HEADACHES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO NEURALGIA SCIATICA

October is here again with its chilly nights and misty mornings! That means shivering, sneezing, aching in the limbs! End those Colds and Chills for 2d! Try the Quick Acting, Doubly Certain Remedy *Beechams Powders*! They cost only 2d each, but the relief they bring is swift and definite. Get your supply NOW, and stop that discomfort and danger! At the first sneeze or shiver—the first vague aching in the limbs or tingling in the nose, take a *Beechams Powder*, and nip that cold or chill in the bud—for 2d.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3—Single Powders 2d each. Sold Everywhere. Not Laxative. A Beecham Product.

NIGHT-DUTY CHILLS

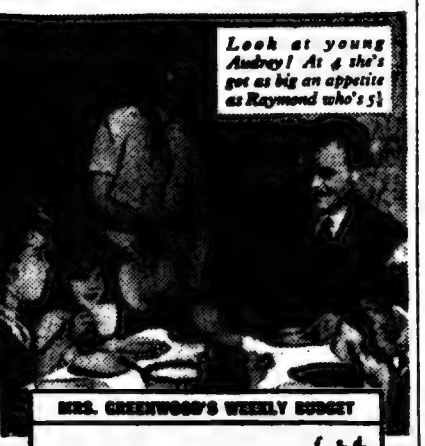
All Night Workers or A.R.P. Watchers should guard against chills—keep *Beechams Powders* by you always!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

BRAND

"5 OF US IN FAMILY—AND ALL WE HAVE IS £3-13-0 A WEEK"

SAYS MRS. GREENWOOD OF BROCKLEY, LONDON



MRS. GREENWOOD'S WEEKLY BUDGET

	£ s. d.
Rent	1 0 6
Coal Club	2 6
Gas and Electricity	4 0
Insurance	5 6
Food	1 10 0
Clothes	3 6
Husband's Expenses	7 0
	£3 13 0

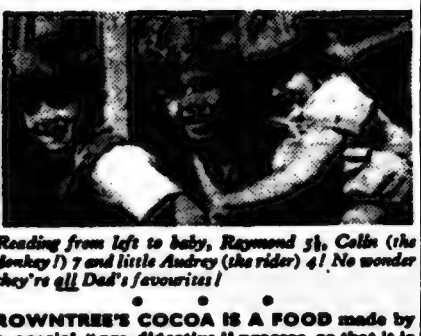
Nourishing meals for the whole family since Mrs. Greenwood discovered that Rowntree's Cocoa

AIDS DIGESTION

"YOU don't need to tell my family when a meal's ready. They're always ready for a good tuck-in, bless them," says Mrs. Greenwood. "Up to their larks all day, wicked as you make 'em, but goodness, *what* appetites!

"And with £3.13.0 for our total income, and over a pound going out on rent and rates — well, I have to make do with 30/- for our week's food.

"But I manage to keep going, thanks to Rowntree's Cocoa. You see, it makes meals so much more nourishing. We feel more satisfied after a meal with Rowntree's Cocoa — they say that's because it aids digestion and so makes food more nourishing."



Reading from left to baby, Raymond 5½, Colin (the donkey!) 7 and little Audrey (the rider) 4! No wonder they're all Dad's favourites!

• • •

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself—it actually helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals—put on *extra* bone, muscle and tissue.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup—that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this too: because Rowntree's is *pre-digested* it helps your supper or late night snack to "go down better." Digestive troubles won't disturb your sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

Continuing

Will Scott's Short Story

all the regulars who ever came to the old pub. If you could only find out. . . .

Yes, and a story in the pub. itself.

What did she know about the regulars, really? What did anybody know about the old pub.?

Near enough to forty, some of her old enthusiasm flamed up again. In her mind's eye she could see, on the wrapper, the words "THE FAMOUS BOOK BY MABEL BROWN. SIXTEENTH EDITION."

It was going to be about all the things nobody knew about the regulars. And all the things nobody ever would know about the pub. Going back to eleven hundred and something.

She bought a writing-pad and a bottle of ink.

She started.

That was in the Spring of last year.

In the autumn she read it aloud in her bedroom one morning at two o'clock, when everybody else was asleep. Read it aloud, as far as it had gone. And then said "Coo!" and wanted to cry.

AND then she tore it up.

"I reckon," she said, "I'm just a barmaid, and always was, and always will be. Just a nobody-at-all. Well, we can't all be Garbo and Lady Astor. Best to make up my mind to it."

And into the fire went the only book that Mabel ever wrote. As far as it had gone.

It was a picture on the wrapper which first drew Mabel's attention to "Polly of the Whittington" on the bookstall at Mansion House Station.

A picture of the author, Mr. Clinton West. Mabel had never heard of Mr. Clinton West. Nobody had ever heard of Mr. Clinton West then.

But, all the same, Mabel knew him. It was the man with the staring eyes.

Mabel bought the book out of curiosity. And so did tens of thousands of other people.

And all the tens of thousands loved "Polly" in the book—"Polly," the barmaid at the old Whittington Inn in the City, with a smile and a word for everybody.

The things she said—in the book! She was, people said, as good as real. Some said she was better.

And then it began to get about that she *was* real

When the sales of the book climbed right up to the top the bright boys out of Fleet Street went along to see Mr. Clinton West.

You had pictures of Mr. Clinton West at work and Mr. Clinton West at play and Mr. Clinton West reading his favourite book And you had Mr. Clinton West's word for it that he got the idea for the book at an old City pub. called the "Old Bells of Bow," and that the original "Polly" was a barmaid there named Mabel.

So along to the City went the bright boys out of Fleet Street. With cameras.

And as Mabel herself admitted, you could have knocked her down with a feather.

"Fancy putting *me* in a book," said Mabel.

And for some time there was nothing but Mabel in the papers. Only they called her "Polly" in inverted commas.

You had pictures of "Polly" at work and pictures of "Polly" at play and pictures of "Polly" reading her favourite book. And you didn't have to look very close to tell what the book was.

And one day Mr. Clinton West himself, driving a big car now, went back to the "Old Bells of Bow" for an hour and was photographed arm-in-arm with "Polly," both of them smiling.

THERE'S a big enlargement of it over the bar to-day, and you can buy a postcard for twopence.

That is, if you can get in. Sometimes you can't.

You see, the boss was so delighted that he had a sign put over the door with the words: "The Original of the Whittington Inn Come in and see Polly."

And don't they!

From Bradford and Newcastle and Seattle and Singapore.

And you try talking to "Polly" about ambition now. You can offer her twenty pounds a week, if you like, to look after your department store in Liverpool.

She'll only laugh. At the "Old Bells of Bow" she's been for twenty years and there, she'll assure you, she stays.

And if you try something silly about not wanting to be a barmaid all her life, she'll freeze you with a glance.

"*A* barmaid?" she'll say. "*A* barmaid? Pardon me, but do you know who you're talking to?"

Human Machine

Beware Hangdog Looks!

MANY persons are now discovering for the first time that the hard, practical teachings of psychology are worth-while to those who realise that they are tested facts, not mere theories.

Interdependence of mind and body is demonstrated everywhere.

Those behaving normally are those who are thinking normally.

Panic action is the result of panic thinking.

Calm action is preceded by cool thought. We all know people who on returning to normal thought have automatically started acting normally again. To think first and act afterwards is more than a sound motto. It is an inescapable fact of life.

We do it because we must. There is no evading that way of living. Our only choice is to control our thoughts so that we can thereby control our actions.

Just as the mind affects the body, so the body can affect the mind: If you go about with a long face and the corners of your mouth permanently turned down, your mind will be given over to gloomy thoughts.

If your face is cheerful, your mind will be cheerful.

Psychology advises the normal individual to meet an abnormal situation by remaining as normal and ordinary as circumstances will allow. In this way only can you continue to make mind and body function smoothly, logically and harmoniously.

Only by making deliberate and conscious efforts to be normal and ordinary can we avoid that most dangerous, vast emotional strain for which there is no adequate outlet.

"Greatest of These"

THERE'S much to be said for the gallantry of the human race when you realise that after starting work as a boy of eight, Mr. W. J. Cook, of Southend-on-Sea, now nearing sixty, is still bravely trying to make the best of life despite Fate's innumerable hard blows.

Even now he is slow to complain.

For thirty years he worked as a blacksmith without a day's illness.

Mr. Cook

For four years he fought with the British Forces in Salonika, and contracted malaria, followed by dysentery and gastritis, with the result that he is now incapacitated by neurasthenia and total deafness. He has rarely been out of hospital during the last eleven years.

Yet he is still striving gallantly, struggling to maintain his wife and himself on a small pension and sick club benefit, which does not help a neurasthenic man. And his son is now serving in the Army, making much the same sacrifice.

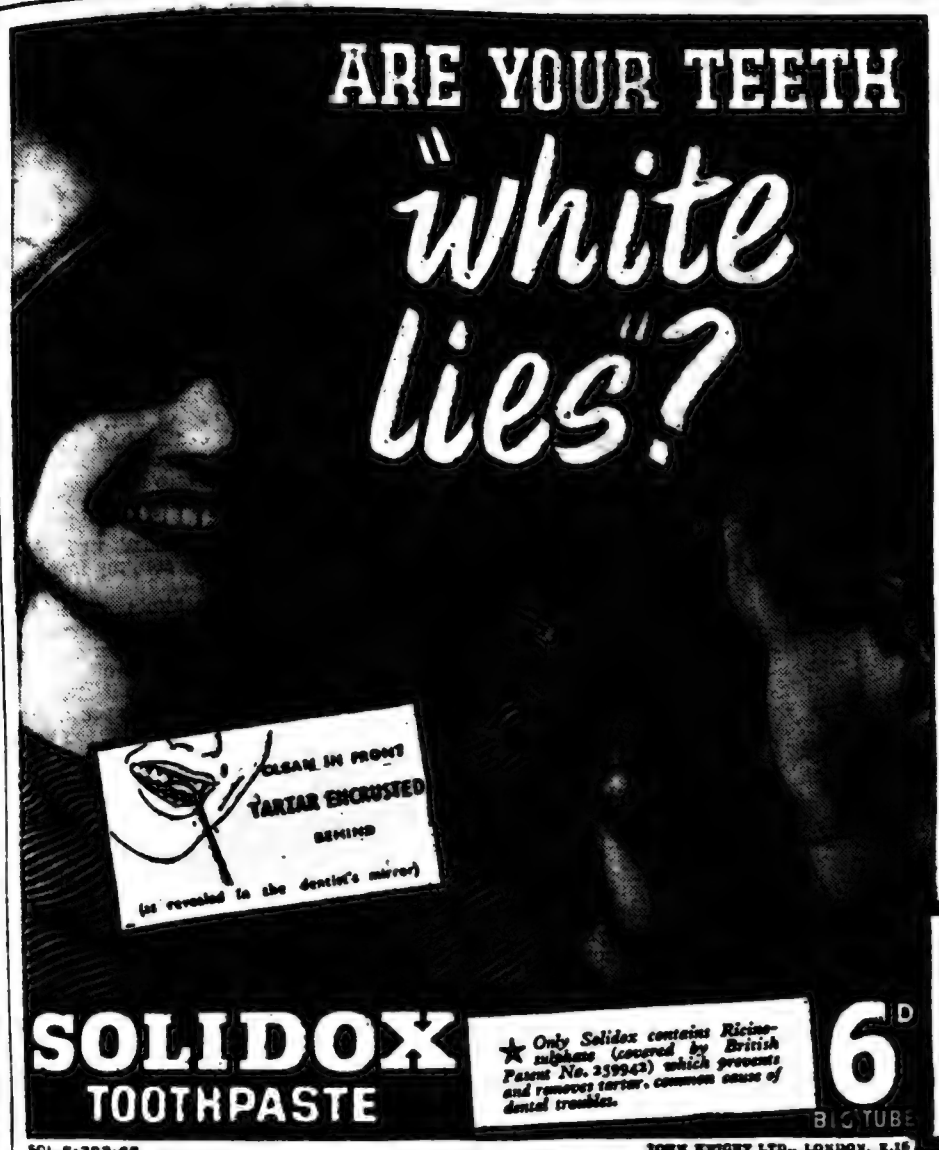
Surely nobody can consider this man's constant struggle to keep abreast of life without being prompted to help. Such a record of privation and service cannot be ignored

Donations should be sent to 'Farrier," or to our General Fund, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. There will be acknowledgments where names and addresses are given.

* * *

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL, every penny donated being devoted to the fund. We gratefully acknowledge 5s. from "Racky"; £1 from "Tin Hat" D39A 825836; 10s. from Anon (Wirral).

Write to JOHN BULL about it!



SOL 8-393-68

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOLIDOX not only gives whiteness—it removes and prevents tartar*

Teeth are taken at their "face" value by most people—except dentists. They know that teeth white in front may be encrusted with TARTAR at the back—may be "white lies."

Are *your* teeth "white lies"? Make *sure* that they tell the truth—are free from tartar, common cause of dental troubles—by giving them regular Solidox care. Solidox, the amazing new toothpaste, does *more* than keep teeth gleaming white; it prevents tartar, and removes it if already present. Only Solidox can do this, because only Solidox contains Ricinosulphate, the unique ingredient (covered by British Patent No. 259942) *proved* to remove and prevent tartar. And, remember, Solidox works so gently that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of your teeth. Start now to give your teeth twice-daily Solidox care; see your dentist regularly. Then you can be certain that your teeth are as clean as they look.

A SPECIALLY DESIGNED TOOTH-BRUSH TO SOLIDOX USERS

To encourage you to give Solidox a trial, and to help you get the best and quickest result at no extra cost, the makers of Solidox offer free this splendid Solidox toothbrush (sterilised, pure bristles, value 1/-).

Notice how the bristles and handle are shaped to give the most efficient and comfortable use . . . to get Solidox right to the danger spots behind the teeth. It's easy to get the Solidox toothbrush. Just fill in the coupon below and post it (before 18th November 1939) with *one* Solidox carton, together with 1½d stamp for return postage.

Cut out this coupon NOW!

To John Knight Ltd, (Dept. Y 53), London, E.16.
Please send me my free gift of a Solidox toothbrush. I enclose *one* Solidox carton, and 1½d stamp for return postage.

Name.....

Address.....

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.7, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

"How do you like my new bedroom suite Mother?"
"Very nice, dear! You'll use 'MANSION' for it of course. It gives such a lovely and lasting polish to Furniture and Floors."

Mansion Polish is made from the finest waxes obtainable. All waxes are subjected to exacting laboratory tests, and are specially refined, purified and scientifically blended to a consistency which makes "Mansion" easy and economical to spread and ensures a hard, bright, and extremely lasting brilliance to Floors and Furniture. Its antiseptic and cleansing properties also maintain the highest standard of hygiene in the home.

Mansion Polish

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Tins 3d, 6d, and Larger Sizes.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

MP/LTP

ECZEMA — SKIN RASH —

READ THIS **NURSE'S TESTIMONY to**

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with a horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N. 7), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

End your **RHEUMATISM BACKACHE SWOLLEN ANKLES & KIDNEY TROUBLES** *while you sleep!* with **Cystex** for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

THE GUARANTEED REMEDY

Now Obtainable in 3 Sizes 1/3, 3/- & 6/-

Little Victims of Big Bunglers

Don't blame the man who runs the Little Shop Around the Corner. He is the victim of officials' incompetence. There is plenty of food for all.

THERE'S a section of the community feeling very distressed in these early days of the war.

We refer to small shopkeepers. People who run the Little Shop Around the Corner.

Their sons are going to war, like everybody else's. They are, too, if they are of military age. They suffer, equally with every other section of the community, from effects of war.

They feel every man's hand is against them.

Old friends have flung the dreaded word "Profiteer" into their faces, and disappeared before their trembling hands could find the Wholesaler's Letter to prove their innocence.

Old customers have barked, "What, no sugar?" (or black paper, or cardboard, or wool, or batteries, or anything else they haven't been able to procure because of Government muddling or something beyond their control), and added, "Well, if you will look after new customers and forget the people who have stood by you I'll take my custom elsewhere. . . ."

So few people stop to listen to the facts. Take first, the case of traders in the country evacuation districts, where populations have been increased by as much as 90 per cent.

LACK of co-operation between food control authorities and evacuation authorities, meant they have been faced with the problem of supplying twice as many people with half the quantity of food.

It's all very well for Government officials to say, "Well, the food has gone somewhere. Somebody is having it."

It is going to districts that have been evacuated, where it lies as a surplus.

Listen to what a Henley-on-Thames grocer says about it. He has twice as many mouths to feed as in normal times.

"Yet I am allowed a mere ration," he says, "of what are my normal requirements. To give one instance, I am allowed eight of the forty tins of biscuits I used to have.

"And all the time the B.B.C. keeps assuring people that there is plenty of food in the country. That is strictly true, and people come in and accuse me of lying and handicapping my country in the prosecution of the war."

A Reading firm of grocers and butchers, with tens of thousands of evacuees added to their supply area, have had most of their motor vans commandeered by the Government.

That is a rural area. For most of the people in it the nearest shop is five miles away. The firm cannot possibly reach them. "After all these years," they say grimly, "So-and-So's are letting me down."

"Rationing of the consumer hasn't yet begun," said one of the biggest sufferers. "But rationing of retailers is being carried out rigorously. How unfair it is to the retailer."

Our files include a baker who, robbed of most of his motor transport, bought vans and horses to ensure his customers' bread supplies throughout the war.

Officials then commandeered eight horses.

But it extends beyond foodstuff.

Receiving a new consignment of socks, a Holborn hosier put them up by 35 per cent. on the instruction of the manufacturer. Some of his old customers were so enraged that they shook their fists in his face.

WITHIN two days the firm supplying the socks, frightened by the growing feeling against profiteering, put them down again.

Something similar happened to a dozen different lines carried by that particular small trader. He had to put them up only to put them down again.

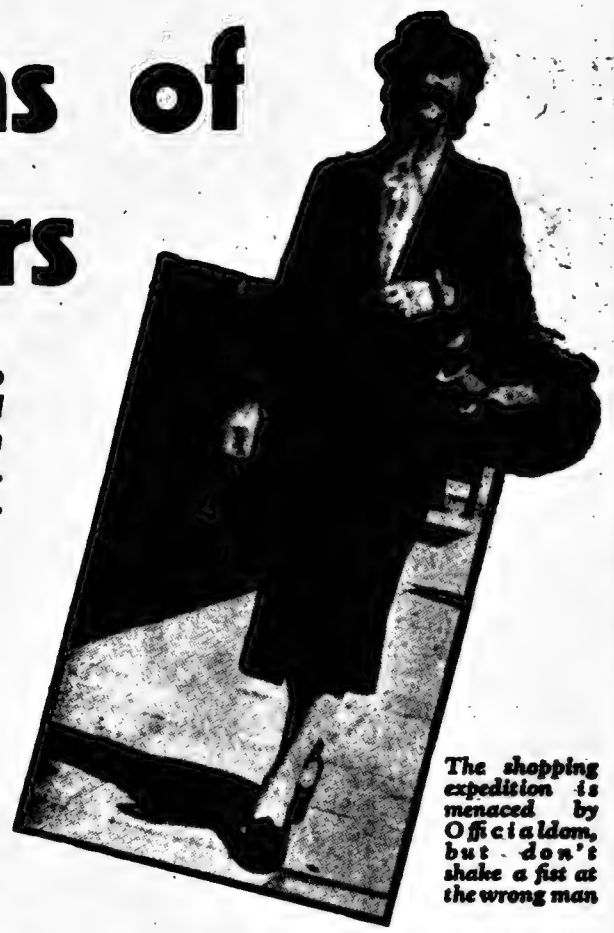
Now many people in his district believe that it was fear of being imprisoned for profiteering that made him lower prices.

Senseless commandeering of lorries and horses (some vehicles have been snatched away from their owners and then left idle) has caused unnecessary shortages of coal in many districts. The retailer is blamed.

The same with paraffin oil. In country districts, where thousands of people are dependent on oil for their cooking, heating and lighting, this has caused untold hardship.

Most annoying point of all is that candles seem to be moving fairly freely to districts where there is electricity and gas, but not to places where the supply of paraffin has failed.

This muddle must be ended.



The shopping expedition is menaced by Officialdom, but don't shake a fist at the wrong man

We know the Government is determined to straighten things out, but how many men with Little Shops Around the Corner are going to fall by the wayside before our admittedly plentiful supplies of everything move smoothly, fairly and systematically?

"John Bull" believes that the great British public will accept any inconvenience if it is necessary to success in war.

But it doesn't want to be inconvenienced by bungling.

It is not the bungler who gets the blame.

It's the man with the Little Shop Around the Corner.

FIRST AID!

CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS

Famous for 90 years for **1/3**

QUICK ACTION

QUICK Relief from Pain

MOST IMPORTANT. Keep a box of LION OINTMENT in your First-Aid Outfit. Apply it immediately in case of Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Septic Wounds. Quickly prevents inflammation from spreading. Safe, even for infants. Over 90 years' reputation.

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box, or send P.O. to Edwin Burgess Ltd., 39, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

Burgess'

LION OINTMENT

KEEP A BOX IN YOUR A.R.P. BAG!

Ribbentrop Calls this "Decadence"

Ribbentrop told Hitler that British youth was decadent—wouldn't fight. I wonder what they would think of this letter from Miss Marion Asquith, of Quarry Lane, Brownhill, Batley?

I AM a girl of eighteen, who went to a secondary school, but, because of my parents' death, had to leave school early and go into the mill.

My boy has gone into the Army, loves it, and would be sorry to return to civilian life.

My grannie and grandad, with whom I live, sent their only son, my father, to the last war gladly.

Two unmarried aunts sent their sweethearts, who never returned; a third aunt, their sister, got her boy back. They are now the parents of two boys waiting their turn to go to France.

And I have been studying the subjects that might help me to realise my ambition of getting a good job—a job I should be proud of until my dream of marriage is fulfilled.

I tell you all this to show I am an average young girl with average dreams.

But what do I think?

Before Hitler is allowed one square yard that is not rightly his I would see my whole future, my boy's and my family's completely obliterated.

I know the horrors of war — but I would rather they befell me and mine *now* than that Hitler should live to inflict worse horrors on the world on a bigger scale.

I know I am a girl, not called on to fight. But I solemnly record that I will offer my life as forfeit if anyone can tell me how I can rid the world of Hitler or any of his repulsive associates.

You see, JOHN BULL, I am at the beginning of my life. Young people have a longer highway before them than the old. We want that highway to be cleaned up. We want a clean world.

Let's be Cheerful!

"YOUR courage, your cheerfulness, your resolution . . ." runs the official recipe for victory, and of courage and resolution this nation has inexhaustible supplies.

Readers have been quick to notice our vigorous campaign in the cause of cheerfulness. Warm is the approval of hundreds now finding our entertaining Prize Competitions the tonics needed in these blacked-out evenings.

"Competitions will help to win this war," declares "Bulleteer" G. Rushworth, 61, Hook Road, Goole. "The relaxation they provide will cheer us up. I am so glad JOHN BULL is continuing *Bullets* and Crosswords."

F. T. Evans, 92, Newark Road, Luton, Bedfordshire, offers proof of the truth of Reader Rushworth's words. And as Mr. Evans has been entering *Bullets* for more than ten years, he should know.

"Looking back," he says, acknowledging his recent £2 10s. prize cheque, "I realise that every moment devoted to the interesting and absorbing pastime of *Bullets* has been a real pleasure."

"You can rely on 'Bulleteers' to help keep the Competition flag flying," echoes Reader W. Lee, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea, telling us how a recent half-hour's wait at a railway station resulted in his recent prize *Bullet*, SONNY IN THE TRAIN — "DICTATOR" — *MUST* "OCCUPY CORRIDOR"!

* * *

Hundreds of readers have yet to enter their first *Bullets* coupon.

This week's offer of Cash and more than 1,000 lb. of Luxury Foodstuffs awaits you on page 31. If you have any doubt or difficulty in connection with your Competition entries, the Competition Editor will try to help, either by post or by a reply on this page.

QUESTION TIME.

V. R. (Worcester).—"Does it make any difference whether I send P.O. or stamps with my coupon?" *None whatever. It's the care you take with your entry that gives it prize-winning merit.*

J. R. E. (W. Ealing).—"I am enclosing a snapshot I took of my husband, who is an Air Raid Warden. I hope you will soon be needing it for publication as a First Prize-winner." *Sorry, we can't tell which is husband, which is husband.*

"It's all right, grandpa—quite safe to come out now. Dad's found his 'John Bull' coupon at last!"

OVER SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS—a colossal sum representing a record of unparalleled service to registered readers of "John Bull."

This amount—over £650,000—has been paid to registered readers or their dependants since the inception of our Free Family Insurance Gift, affording concrete evidence of the practical value of the Benefits provided by "John Bull."

Behind every cheque that has been sent with that promptitude and sympathy that is characteristic of "John Bull's" fair dealing, is a story—a story of suffering eased, hardship alleviated, sickness soothed, the blow of tragedy softened—a story that shows "John Bull" not only as the country's greatest family journal but as a friend-in-need to its readers.

In addition to providing numerous accident benefits, including Benefit for children's accidents, "John Bull" safeguards your precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, etc., etc.

A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you free would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least £2 2s. in annual premiums.

Remember one registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

READERS WRITE TO "JOHN BULL."

Here are just two letters taken at random from the big post which "John Bull" receives daily from readers.

"Thank you for the splendid way that you dealt with our claims. I am sure that we both appreciate it and will find the money very useful in restoring our home that was lost by fire."

H. E. J., Isle of Wight.

"We have had two reasons to be grateful for the cheque you sent us. It has enabled us to replace a lot of things we lost in the fire and also helped us through a bad time. The children have been ill twice since the fire and your cheque has helped us tremendously."

R. C., Warrington.

JOHN BULL— YOUR SAFEGUARD.

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives you a real sense of protection. In your daily round you are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it is a great relief and comfort to think that if misfortune does come your way—"John Bull" will prove your "true friend in need"—a friend to whom you can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance. Use the forms below to-day for "John Bull" Free Family Insurance Gift.

SIGN FOR SECURITY TO-DAY—USE FORMS BELOW NOW!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 7/10/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/10/39.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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A new lease of Life

FOR ALL SUFFERERS FROM

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

The safest and most reliable remedy for these terrible complaints is POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, which is recommended by Doctors and praised by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Not till you have tried it will you know what relief from those paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and gasping for breath is really like. No longer will you fear the sudden attacks by day or dread the coming of night, propped up in bed with no hope of sleep. Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate, sweet and soothing relief, and former sufferers tell us it actually keeps them alive, makes existence possible and gives them ease and comfort, such as they had long been strangers to. It will enable you once again to pursue the normal course of your daily life and look forward to nights of restful and refreshing sleep. Don't delay then, go straight to your Chemist for a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. It will do for you what it has done in thousands of other cases—give you INSTANT RELIEF.

Potter's Asthma Cure is also unequalled for Chest Tightness, Wheeziness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9. Fill in the coupon below for our FREE BOOKLET "Are you Asthmatic?"

Recommended by Doctors

Potter's Asthma Cure is highly recommended for all these distressing troubles:

CHEST WHEEZINESS
FITS OF COUGHING AT NIGHT
CHRONIC COLDS AND COUGHS
WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP
GASPING FOR BREATH
CATARRH AND HAY FEVER
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

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To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

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Address.....

John Bull

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be out-doors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS—They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

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INSIST ON FENNINGS'

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ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

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Are Wonderfully Relieved by **Zam-Buk**

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

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Of all chemists, in large
anisters, prices 1/6 and 2/6.

Watch out for new raids on your pocket!

Gallery of War Rogues

"ALBERT EDWARDS," up-to-the-minute crook, is duping householders with a story that identification discs are compulsory, and even though the police are chasing him he is still hoodwinking people. Every other day he bobs up in a different neighbourhood.

His favourite hunting-ground is a poor district where women are most easily impressed by his story about coming from local A.R.P. headquarters.

In an astonishing number of instances he manages to collect from 2s. to 5s. in advance for the discs, which, he says, will be stamped officially with names, addresses and religions when they are issued.

He claims that everyone will be compelled to wear a disc by a new regulation under the Emergency Powers Act.

SCOTLAND YARD men have identified him as a jailbird who has lived on his wits since he first came into their hands about twenty years ago, when he was twenty-six years old.

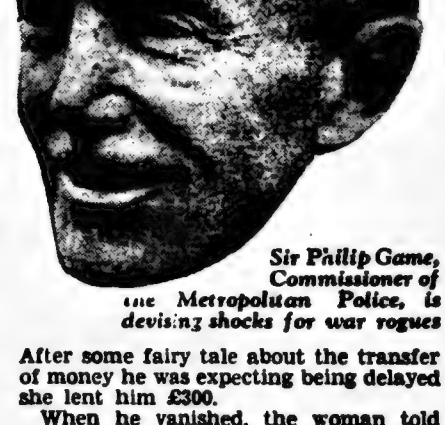
Jailed a dozen times for fraud, false pretences and housebreaking, he changes his name at random.

Since war was declared, crooks of this type have swelled into a small army. Most of them are working under some impudent official guise. Many of their ruses seem mean and trivial, but in the aggregate they are making a great deal of money.

Rascals who in normal times made a superb art of posing as Army officers are in clover until they are caught.

One has robbed a Swindon woman of £300.

Masquerading as a Royal Air Force officer, he stayed at her small hotel. He was cultured, appeared to belong to good London clubs, and won her confidence.



Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is devising shocks for war rogues

After some fairy tale about the transfer of money he was expecting being delayed she lent him £300.

When he vanished, the woman told the police. They recognised her guest as a rogue who has been a military impostor almost since the last war. His real name is Cheetham!

A FICTITIOUS lieutenant, another jailbird lately passing in the alias of Ellis, also notorious for his poses, has been taking over furnished houses in safety areas for his wife and children "coming along shortly." By giving worthless cheques and disappearing quickly he has been able to steal various articles of value.

Using the name of "Groom" and falsely representing himself as a member of a large catering firm, a man, not yet identified by the police, has started a rationing racket. He says he can arrange to supply certain commodities "privately" when rationing begins and asks for a deposit.

Those who fall for this don't deserve any sympathy, but that is no reason why a scoundrel should make money out of it. "Groom" took £14 from one Coventry woman.

Another bright crook is finding victims by the names and addresses on gas-mask containers. He gets into conversation with travellers on train journeys, skilfully finds out where they will be staying for the night, and then wires to their homes for money in their names.

"Wallet lost, please wire £5," was the telegram received by a Darlington wife, ostensibly from her husband. The money order had been cashed before the trick was discovered.

Bogus billeting inspectors are busy, obtaining money by all manner of dodges. In a week their "takings" add up to a surprising total.

ONE of them called at several houses in Cheshire, from which evacuated mothers and children had returned to their homes. He produced official-looking papers, checked off payments received to the householders, then made out that refunds were due. And he got them!

Then there are fake officials calling at houses to arrange billeting for soldiers. They bank on obtaining money from people who want to be left off the list.

Search is being made for a crook named Archer, who frequently passes as Webb, and pretends to be attached to the Air Ministry. He backs up his yarn with forged documents.

Here again persons paying money to escape their duty have only themselves to blame, but the authorities are alarmed by the extent of the racket.

The help of some of the cleverest forgers in the country has obviously been enlisted, because many of the bogus credentials used are nearly flawless.

When war time crooks are armed with such cleverly faked proof of their bonafides, the usual safeguard in demanding to see their warrant-cards is no longer reliable.

If you have the slightest doubt, don't part with a penny or sign anything until you have made enquiries. The local police will always help.

An allotment can bring you health and contentment as well as food

Get an Allotment!

By Richard Sudell, A.R.H.S.

LOCAL authorities have been given powers under the War Emergency Legislation to take over all vacant land in a drive to increase food production by means of millions of allotments, and unused building plots, old pasture and meadow land will be absorbed.

Those with the time to cultivate allotments in helping the nation to grow food should apply to the local allotment society, or write to the local Town Clerk, or Clerk to the Parish Council.

Verbal application is not sufficient.

When a town clerk has the necessary number of applications he can approach his council, asking that land for allotments should be acquired.

The National Allotment Society, Drayton House, Gordon Street, W.C.1, will supply the address of your local allotment society.

Many allotment societies have co-operative buying arrangements for seeds and fertilisers, and before you order materials you should find out whether you can obtain supplies in this way in your neighbourhood.

When taking an allotment, secure as long a tenure as possible. A year will not repay the cost of labour and cultivation. Land not available for permanent allotments should be held on a three years' lease so that the holder reaps the benefit of his labours.

Three years, with six months' notice to quit, would be a fair basis of tenure for war time allotments.

Land most suitable for allotments lies adjacent to building estates or good grass-land, and in many places roads and paths are already in position to form a basis for planning allotments. Seek advice about the quality of land before you take it on.

Rich grass and weeds indicate good soil.

Fertile soil should show at least a foot of brown earth above the subsoil when you make a test hole. Clay soils are fertile, though hard to work. Gravel or sandy subsoil, although hungry, are good, especially in a wet season.

IDEAL is a deep, alluvial soil, such as that found near streams. But we cannot always get the ideal. Any soil can be improved. To clay soil add straw and manure, leaves, and road sweepings free from tarry matter and grit.

To light or sandy soils add such heavy manure as cow or pig, decayed leaves or grass clippings.

Poultry manure is good for any soil and can be forked into the surface soil after digging. Don't bury any manure too deeply.

With careful planning allotments can be made an amenity to any neighbourhood, and holders of new allotments should help by forming an association. For one thing, they can develop a communal tool shed.

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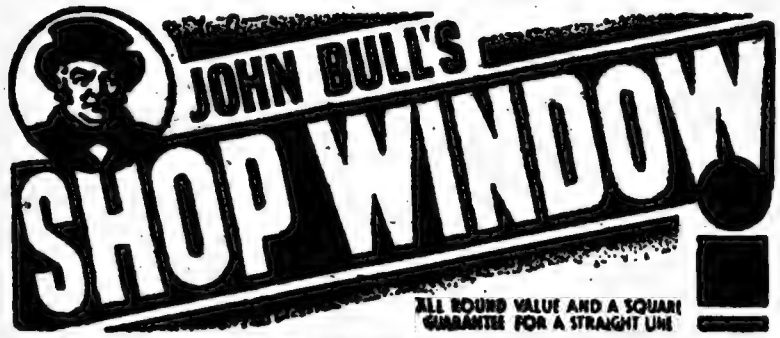

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25

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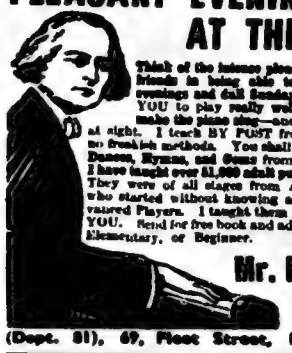

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A FIT Britain is a strong Britain. This must be the clarion call in these trying times. To keep calm and courageous is a vital necessity. Don't forget, that at a time like this you must give courage to those around you.

How can you do that if your nerves are playing havoc, if you cannot sleep or eat properly. It's ten to one you suffer from mineral deficiency. Doctors recognise this as the cause of so many troubles, for if your body is not regularly supplied with essential minerals and vitamins daily, it fails to benefit from food, wastes away, and makes your whole life a misery. Today it is essential to be fit and prepared.

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Even if you happen to suffer from pain after meals, or from that unnatural hunger before meals, a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring correction to your digestion. Thousands are taking it; doctors are prescribing it; many operations for serious cases of stomach ulcer have been avoided.

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TOOTHBRUSH FREE!

To all readers of "John Bull" who fill in the coupon on page 23 and post it (before November, 18, 1939) with one Solidox toothpaste carton, together with 1½d. stamp for return postage, will receive a free gift of a Solidox toothbrush! Solidox can be obtained everywhere—6d. a big tube. Readers should accept this free offer at once.

EASE TICKLING THROAT & SUCK A ZUBE

3d. & 6d. *in flat tins*

COMMANDER H. PURSEY,

"John Bull's" expert on naval warfare, describes vital work accomplished by men enforcing the North Sea Blockade

Cargoes of sugar are still landed in Britain, but naval men, braving the stormiest seas in the world, have put a stop to Germany's supplies

The Navy's Clean Sweep

WHEN Hitler staked everything on a "lightning war" on land, he apparently shut his eyes to the fact that he himself might be the victim of a lightning war at sea.

He should know better now. . . .

With a speed impossible to any military force, the British Navy cut off practically the whole of Germany's overseas trade in a matter of hours from the declaration of hostilities.

We may therefore recall to Hitler the statement of Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons on the day after the Armistice of 1918:

"The downfall of the military colossus was due to the blockade, which has sapped the whole foundation of Geemany."

At the outbreak of the present war, Germany's mercantile fleet was the fifth in the world. Her total tonnage of ships at sea or in neutral or allied ports—the Baltic excepted — was in the neighbourhood of 1,105,000 tons.

All that shipping has been cleared off the high seas. Much of it has been captured and the remainder has interned itself in neutral ports.

Moreover, the supply to Germany of vital war materials carried in neutral ships has been, and will increasingly be, limited by the contraband control imposed by the overwhelming power of our Navy.

To perform all that took years in the last war. I must not tell you all the thrilling details of our methods this time; but it will, at any rate, be instructive to see how the Navy went about its task then.

FIRST, you must understand that in 1914 an economic warfare was conducted on the lines of the Declaration of London of 1909—a Declaration, never ratified, under which all goods were to be divided into three classes:

Absolute contraband, such as guns and explosives.

Conditional contraband, such as food, fuel and clothing.

Free list of articles which could not be declared contraband and included raw materials, such as cotton, rubber and metallic ores.

Ships' papers and the flag of neutrals were to be taken as proof of destination and ownership. The result was that for the first two years the blockade was little more than a farce.

When Germany started her unrestricted submarine campaign in February, 1917, we issued a Reprisal Order stating that any vessel which was on her way to a neutral port giving access to enemy territory, and which had not called at a British port for examination, would be deemed to be carrying goods destined for the enemy and dealt with accordingly.

ON April, 1917, America came into the war and imposed a general embargo against Holland and the Scandinavian countries. The blockade problem was then practically solved and, at the end of the year, the blockading squadrons were dispersed and utilised for the new and important duty of convoy work.

As modern developments in naval weapons rendered impossible the close blockade of enemy ports which had been our practice in sailing-ship days, the alternative was to operate a distant blockade by closing exits of the North Sea.

In the Dover Straits, with its comparatively narrow neck of 21 miles, this was a fairly simple proposition, but the northern exit between the Shetland Isles and Norway—a matter of 150 miles—was a far more difficult problem to solve.

Our war plans included a "Northern Patrol Force" of cruisers whose function, among others, was "to intercept all German merchant vessels and armed merchant cruisers and to stop neutral ships going to German ports with contraband."

The cruisers were eight twenty-year-old "Edgars"—the oldest class of cruisers in the Navy. They were normally employed as boys' training ships, but on mobilisation were brought up to full complement with naval reservists.

Known as the "10th Cruiser Squadron," their worn-out engines proved unequal to the task of being almost continuously at sea.

THEY could neither steam nor fight! Consequently, at the end of the year they were paid off and their places were taken by 24 armed merchant cruisers.

For three years, the "immortal 10th C.S." operated from the Shetlands across the 140 miles from Scotland to Norway and the 400 miles to Iceland—an area of 200,000 square miles—carrying out a continuous patrol in all weathers and in circumstances made particularly difficult by enemy submarines.

The *Alsatian*, the flagship, spent 262 days at sea in 1915 and steamed 71,000 miles, consuming 40,000 tons of coal!

All ships sighted were halted by signal or rocket, or a live shell fired across the bows. When weather permitted they were boarded at sea, otherwise they were sent into harbour.

The boarding boats were usually manned by Newfoundland fishermen of the Royal Naval Reserve, who gained a great reputation for the magnificent manner in which they handled their boats under oars in heavy seas.

The boarding party, all armed with revolvers, consisted of two R.N.R. officers and a signalman—the former having special knowledge of "the tricks of the contraband trade" and false papers.

Their first task was to ensure, by examining the lifeboats and the hand-steering gear—the usual place to conceal a gun—that the ship was not a raider in disguise.

One day two raiders were intercepted by the "10th C.S."

The first, sighted by the armed liner *Alçantara* on February 29, 1916 was sailing under false colours as the Norwegian steamship *Rena*.

CAPT. WARDLE, R.N., who was suspicious of her, went to action stations ready for any emergency. Coming up under her stern to within 2,000 yards he ordered the boarding party away.

Suddenly, down dropped the *Rena's* ensign staff and sham deck-houses; guns were revealed and fire was opened—to be immediately answered by the *Alcantara*.

The hot engagement lasted about half an hour, the *Rena* being set ablaze and abandoned by her crew.

By this time the *Alcantara* was also badly holed at the waterline. She turned over and sank.

The *Rena*, actually the German *Grief*, was sunk by two other ships which rushed to the scene and picked up the survivors.

OUT of the crew of 360 Germans some 250 were lost, while two British officers and 67 men perished.

In the present campaign, the policy in force in 1918 was put into immediate operation, thus cutting out the first two years of previous vacillation.

The result is that the effect of the blockade on Germany has been felt immediately and with far greater effect than in 1914.

That can be readily seen from Hitler's blustering threats of counter measures.

No matter what is the actual cause of the successful conclusion of the war—whether it is Allied military success or the enemy's loss of morale—it can be safely forecast that when victory does come, one of Germany's first humble requests, as it was at the time of the 1918 Armistice, will be: "Please raise the blockade forthwith."

WIN a LIFE INCOME IN AN ENTERTAINING HALF-HOUR TO-NIGHT

TURN black-out evenings into cash! Here is a topical and interesting "John Bull" Crossword puzzle on which to spend a spare half-hour—and a Life Pension, with other attractive prizes, to encourage you to tackle the Clues with care.

Post your entry on or before Saturday, October 14, if you want that First Prize Joy Wire on Friday, October 20—and remember that you may enclose a Bullets coupon for the fine cash prizes on page 31.

£20 WEEKLY for LIFE OR £250 cash

£30 Cash BETWEEN 1st RUNNERS-UP Unlimited 5/- SURPRISE AWARDS ONE FOR EACH 2nd RUNNER-UP

172

OFFERED EXCLUSIVELY BY JOHN BULL

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 172nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 26. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ACROSS CLUES

1. If it's excessive, shopkeeper is likely to lose custom
2. Production of which sometimes calls for use of studios
4. Do they use a crane to lift Goering into his?
7. Boss may have some justification if he sacks men for getting this
8. One sometimes gets an old one in show
11. Efficient barmaid would soon serve party of
16. Long ones are apt to bore the average chap
17. When onion is cut up this may be shed
19. If you do your own developing and printing you have special chemicals to
20. Old one on bench will most likely be severe with wrongdoers
21. There's sometimes quite a breeze on this

DOWN CLUES

1. May be of great importance to racing cyclist
2. Club bore's "new joke" is rarely this
3. Economical housewife makes this go a long way
5. They usually get exercised together, not singly
6. It's no joke if poor little henpeck really goes in fear of his
9. Wise bird puts sand-bags round his, nowadays
10. It's easy to make simple one in clay
12. Salmon in this may look rather a fine sight
13. Row sometimes starts from one
14. It's apt to be hard to keep cool once you are this
15. Oppressive kind may make it hard for office workers to concentrate
18. People who profiteer are as bad as those who do this

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, October 14, 1939.

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Oct. 14

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry fee 4/-). No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 26. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY Crossword No. 172, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENCLOSE THIS LABEL with Crossword or "Bullets" entry and so avail yourself of "John Bull's" new

FREE AID FOR COMPETITORS

ENCLOSURE of this label brings you a new war-time "Crossword Gazette," containing extra clues, "Time-Saver" sheet, a special FREE PRIVILEGE and Adjudication Committee's Findings on Crossword No. 172. Accompanying your "Gazette" you will receive also a new war-time issue of "Bullets" Bulletin.

USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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4 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 169.

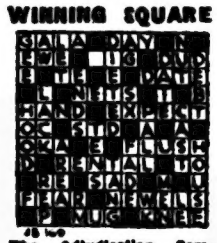
In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 169, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:

G. BUTT, 44, Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middx.
T. O. EVANS, 6, Albany Road, Roath, Cardiff.
Miss E. FAIRBURN, 34, Market Place, Devizes, Wilts.
C. H. GREEN, 5, Brook Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition these competitors share the First Prize of £200 and a cheque for £50 will be sent to each.

The £25 Award to Runners-up has been divided between 31 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 16s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

WINNING SQUARE

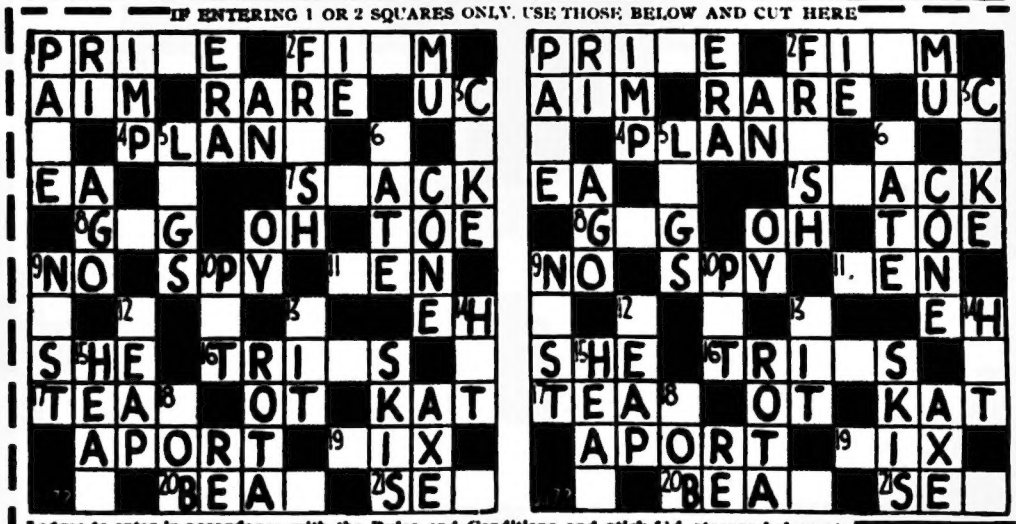


The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.
One space is left blank to indicate that at this point C18 and D18 were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 172. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

N.B. ENCLOSE THIS LABEL, addressed to yourself, WITH ENTRY

Name..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps	FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps

● *For thirty-three years the slogan, "Write to* JOHN BULL *about it," has been part of the English language and is known and quoted the world over. Why don't you "write to* JOHN BULL *about it" and relieve yourself of the responsibility of settling* ANY *problem? Our Service is free—all that you need send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.*

Letters should be addressed to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

The replies given on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

BERT (Morden).—"I fainted in the railway carriage." Why? Was there a vacant seat?

FLO (London, W.).—"I have rather an unusual kind of car." No Priority sign on the windscreen?

L. F. (Hove).—"Will America come in?" Nobody knows. Just at present Uncle Sam isn't picking up his musket.

A. J. (Cosham).—"I dreamt that the war would end on October 12." What time?

R. K. (Tamworth).—"In spite of thousands of soldiers being called up, there seems to be no shortage of puttees." No, they always go round.

T. P. (Perth).—"What a large number of soldiers rush to get married as soon as war breaks out." We suppose just one more risk doesn't matter very much.

R. M. (Grendon).—"I am publishing a small book for the boys at the front on how to dress minor wounds." But not to be read between the lines, we take it?

C. M. (Chichester).—"We all owe more to our country than we can ever pay." Have you tried to get your income tax collector to believe that one?

K. K. (Diss).—"Send your dartboard to the boys at the front and I feel sure you will not miss it." Well, that would be a welcome change anyway.

R. L. (Thetford).—"Do you think that a single anti-aircraft gun would beat off an enemy bomber?" Well, it would certainly have a shot at it.

B. C. (Kettering).—"A quiet civilian life may suit some youths, but give me the Army, I say." Sorry, but we are afraid the War Office wants it at present.

D. L. (Dulwich).—"The German people are beginning to realise which way the wind is blowing." The general direction is up.

MAJOR B. (In France).—"I am taking the opportunity to learn the French language while I am here." So that you can really understand the menu in the West End restaurants when you return?

C. D. (Luton).—"Supposing the B.B.C. were bombed from the air?" After an interval, there would probably be an apology for the delay caused by a technical hitch.

S. W. (Acton).—"The ex-Kaiser maintains a comparatively modest establishment at Doorn." Doubtless, however, arrangements will be made to have a spare room available for Hitler.

EXPLORER (London, W.).—"I have just returned from Central Africa and have been out of touch with civilisation for over a year." That's what *you* think.

The Last Laugh

F. S. M. (Loudwater).—"I was in the last war." Unfortunately it wasn't.

POSTMAN (Crewe).—"The dog evidently fancied a bit of my leg, so what do you think I did?" Showed him your heels?

A. P. (Essex).—"The air warden in our village is very particular about lights after sunset." Has he ever had occasion to speak sternly to a local glowworm?

B. N. (Wigan).—"The woman opposite hasn't washed her lace curtains for years." She must find them very convenient just now for the black-outs.

P. C. T. (Brighton).—"Pillar-boxes painted white would make them visible at night." Your suggestion put in verse, is simple, practical and terse.

J. T. (Ancoats).—"In the middle of the argument we heard a loud bang and thought it was an air raid, but it wasn't." Just another exploded theory.

D. L. A (Potters Bar).—"A loudspeaker has been invented that is audible three miles away." That's nothing. Haven't you ever heard the roar of a sergeant-major's?

Nick (Hull).—"How many servants are you able to keep at your home, Mr. Editor?" Oh, about one in twelve.

E. W. (Esher).—"At our last regimental reunion I just sat tight and said nothing." You should have taken more water with it.

GORDON (Slough).—"I wish I'd known earlier that the Government were going to drop pamphlets over Germany." Why, would you have tried to buy the advertising space?

MR. R. (Swindon).—"Although I've got the most terrible memory my wife never complains." See letter below.

MRS. R. (Swindon).—"Although my husband has the most terrible memory I never complain. He's given me three birthday presents already this year." See letter above.

D. S. (Shoreham).—"I asked him if he thought I was a fool, and he had to say 'No!'" But he might have been mistaken.

S. K. (Botley).—"I wonder what would happen if a bomb fell in the middle of my garden." Your bulbs would come up quicker than usual.

P. V. (Norwich).—"I got lost the other night and followed a white line on the road which led me to a public-house." Do you expect your wife to believe that?

HUMANITARIAN (Sheffield).—"When I saw the boy's mother reaching for the strap I felt I had to intervene." So you offered her your seat?

VISITOR (Mayfair).—"Despite war time conditions I find that London is still the changeless city of the world." You have evidently been riding in taxis.

E. E. (Vauxhall).—"There are horrors of peace as well as of war." Yes, but the nation is too busy to worry about Mr. Epstein's creations just now.

B. L (Burton).—"My doctor says I shouldn't touch whisky, but I do because I see him drinking it." You believe in taking what the doctor orders.

MISS T. (Kensington).—"I find it very difficult to keep fit in London so I try to ride in the park every morning." Well, there's nothing like being frank about it.

D. G. (Chelmsford).—"How can you distinguish plants from weeds?" Pull 'em up, and if they appear again they're weeds

M E. (Clevedon).—"Before we were married my wife used to sit on my knee during the evenings." Now she sits on you altogether?

MRS. M. (Barking).—"My husband is very enthusiastic about being attached to the balloon barrage." He must mind he doesn't get carried away.

C. M. (Rhyl).—"My fiancée's father objects to me marrying his daughter on the grounds that he doesn't think I'm getting much." Well, so long as *you* like her, it doesn't matter.

A. L. (Oxford).—"Private soldiers are not allowed to take dogs into camp." Of course not. There would be a grave risk of an animal barking back at a sergeant-major.

S. M. (Sutton).—"Fanciful rumours should be squashed at once." We unhesitatingly state that there is no truth in the story that a German submarine has been seen in Loch Ness disguised as the monster.

A. T. (Bloomsbury).—"Warned by wardens that there was too much light showing from my window, I explained that I had been studying." You must realise that no exception can be made in the case of midnight oil

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WHITEHAVEN NEWS:—"... to provide children under 27 years of age with baby helmets, including evacuees and local children."

THE KERRYMAN:—"The sprinkler fire alarm on the premises of —— flour mills held in check what might have been a very serious outbreak of WAR. ..."

THE ESSEX COUNTY STANDARD:—"... the three principal LOUTS out of four lots offered changed hands as follows. ..."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Miss Mary M—— was bridesmaid to her sister, and the best man was MRS. Eric B——."

THE PONTEFRACT AND CASTLEFORD EXPRESS:—"... had 7s. 6d. to pay for having kept a dog with no name and address on the CELLAR."

WOKING NEWS AND MAIL:—"... it was agreed that the new Finance Committee should meet a fortnight before the open Council so that MOTHERS should be dealt with more promptly."

WESTMINSTER AND PIMLICO NEWS:—"... Patrick Joseph C——, who weighed 9 st. 14 oz. at his birth a week ago. ..."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER:—"Both the bride's mother and the bridegroom's FATHER wore red satin dresses with black hats and shoes."

THE EVENING CITIZEN:—"Villages are dead and empty, and cops are rotting in the fields."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"... a letter was received from —— objecting to the removal of the village HILL. ..."

CORNISH GUARDIAN:—"... it was agreed that Dr. S—— should establish a siren under the town CLERK and that a trial should be given to see if it is satisfactory."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"... but it is anticipated that it will be within the next month or six weeks."

£10 10s. Free for "Last Laughs"

● *"These black-outs upset some people, but I find they have their advantages."*

That's the comment of E. A. C. (Hampstead)—what's your answer? After reading the cheerful and entertaining replies on this page you'll be in just the mood to pull his leg or crack a joke at his expense.

Be brisk, be bright and be amusing—that's the way to win one of the ten £1 1s. cash prizes which we offer for the best replies. There are 100 other awards for Runners-up.

There are no restrictions whatever on the way you reply—and only one condition in this Contest. Your entry, on a postcard or sheet of paper, *must* be enclosed with a *Bullets* No. 1,191 coupon from page 31, or a Crossword No. 172 coupon from page 29. Such coupons must bear correct entry-fee. "Last Laughs" accepted only if so received—closing postmark, Saturday, October 14.

Make to-night your Competition night. Jot down a "Last Laugh," then get busy on your *Bullets* or Crossword entry to accompany it and a useful war time cheque may well come your way!

D. H. (Etchingham).—"What exactly is there between Germany and Rumania?" Hungary.

W. D. (Kenley).—"Some railways seem very disorganised just now. How are your trains running?" On wheels, as usual.

CROONER (Putney).—"The landlady said she would have no objection to my practising in my rooms." She's stone deaf?

P. S. (Sudbury).—"When you see precocious lads of sixteen or so trying to smoke cigars, doesn't it make you sick?" No, it makes them sick.

B. M. (East Coast).—"Our adjutant says nothing we could say or do could conceivably surprise him." Try giving him a week's notice.

B. W. (Rochford).—"Why do air raid wardens walk up and down the streets all day long?" So that they can get from one place to another.

Lance-Corporal (Fovant).—"There's nothing like a 15-mile route march for killing germs." The trouble is to make the little beggars go for one.

A. J. (Hereford).—"There has been a splendid crop of plums and apples this year." Yes, old soldiers are already getting nervous about it.

MISS S. (Amersham).—"Having just set up as a beauty specialist, I enclose some publicity stuff, including my photograph." It seems a poor advertisement!

D. L. (Dover).—"During the black-out I was coming home after a convivial evening with some men friends when an air raid warden stopped me." He saw you were all lit-up?

MRS. K. (Portsmouth).—"My husband is a sailor, is one of the best. Never will I believe that a sailor has a wife in every port." Perhaps, Madam, your husband hasn't been in every port.

L. L. (Ipswich).—"The water where I was on holiday was most unsafe. First we had to boil it, then filter it, and finally add a chemical." And then you drink beer?

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN BULLETS PRIZES Value Over £2500 INCLUDING OVER 1000 lb of LUXURY FOODSTUFFS

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS ONLY

£150 £25 £10 £5 £4 2 of £3 10 of £2.10

THIS IS THE WAY TO WIN

WITH one week **only to enter**, you *must* act promptly if you want to receive the thrilling **First Prize Joy Wire** for this week's First Prize-winner. A substantial batch of **war time cheques** supports the First, and hundreds of other **prizes** include 50 cases of **Luxury Foods**, all waiting to be won for a few well-chosen words.

A *Bullet* must **consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words**, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. **For instance, making THIS GENERATION his *Example*,** a Glasgow man **added the words LIVES FULLY, BUT FEARFULLY,** and so completed a simple but **striking prize *Bullet*.**

Before starting **on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,187th** Contest on this page. **Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted** on or before **Saturday, October 14.**

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

HITLER HOPES	THE SENTRY JUMPED AND
FIGHTING WILL CEASE WHEN	UGLY RUMOUR
OUR RATION	SHINING THROUGH
IF DAD RAN THE WAR	LIBERTY'S TORCH
WON'T DO IN BRITAIN	AUNTIE'S A LAND-GIRL, SO
TO BEAT THE U-BOATS	UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC
MY OLD TIN HAT	HOME ON LEAVE
SUNK WITHOUT WARNING	GIRL IN UNIFORM
DESPERATE BATTLE	THANKS TO THE BLACK-OUT
WHEN THE SIREN WENT	TOMMY WANTS

ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES.—Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

TIRED OF .....
OLD AND .....
CHEERING .....
PRICE OF .....
RADIO .....
UNITED .....

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 29, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

NEW FREE SERVICE

Remember to enclose LABEL from page 29 with your entry—it will bring you a new war-time issue of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette," FREE and POST FREE

50 New WAR-TIME LUXURY CASES

Cigarettes—Chocolate—Fruit Cake—Biscuits—Honey—Jam—Pickles—Fruit Salad—Tinned Soups—Fruit Cordial.

OVER 1,000 OTHER PRIZES

BE QUICK—ENTER on new STAMP or P.O. COUPONS BELOW!

If desired, entries may be submitted on plain paper

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,191 — Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 14.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ENCLOSE YOUR LABEL

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,191 — Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 14.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,191, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,191, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, OCT. 14

'BULLETS' 1,187 RESULT

First Prize, £25, Weekly Life Pension and Celebration Week-end—or £258:

E. WILLIAMS, Hall Porter, 26, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Example: WOMEN OF EMPIRE
Bullet: "DAISIES" WHOSE ANSWER'S *Do!*

SECOND PRIZE, £25 and Week-end:

A. FISHER, 36, Alcester Street, Stoke, Devonport.
Example: Germany's Lesson
Bullet: We "Intend To Continue."

THIRD PRIZE, £10 and Week-end:

A. R. TENNANT, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Example: Spoilt The Black-out
Bullet: His "Windows" Blacked!

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. M. FOSTER, Barton in Fabis, nr. Nottingham.
Germany's Harvest — Our "Thrashing Machine" *Stopping.*

£8: Mrs. R. B. CRUMPLEN, Worsted Lodge, Bourn, Cambs.
Hopes And Fears—Let Caution "Censor" Blue!

£7: Mrs. E. CARTER, Crendahr, Holt Road, Cromer.
Germany's Lies—First "Line" Britain "Encouraged."

£6: Mrs. FARRAND, "Osterley," Hillside Road, Hillside, Southport.
Stronger Than Ever—Democracy's "Resistance"—And "Attraction."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: S. MORGAN, 100, Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff.
Germany's Cheek—Thought We'd Turn Other!

£4: G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Germany's Widows — "Legions" Hitler Daren't "Review."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: C. A. THOMPSON, 240, G4, Colmore Street, Birmingham.
Baby Smiled And—Resemblance To Taxpayer Vanished!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. AUDIBERT, c/o 91b, Westborough, Scarborough.
Rich Man's Holiday—Week *Indigestion* "Went Away"!

S. BUTTERFIELD, 31, Westwood Terrace, Albemarle Road, York.
Down Came Our M.P. And—Escaped "Bombardment"—In Uniform.

Mrs. H. CARTER, 18, New North Road, Exmouth.
Britain's Team—"Clinkers" *Cool* "Under Fire."

H. E. COX, Gwencargy, Royal Esp., Margate.
Down Came Our M.P. And—"Deserted Station" Seemed Appropriate!

Mrs. I. DUXBURY, 282, Station Road, Bamber Bridge.
Down Came Our M.P. And—Now We've *Whisky* Shortage!

F. GARNETT, 325, Ripponden Road, Oldham.
Way To Groom—Army Mule—With Broom!

Mrs. F. L. LOVELL, 12, Blachford Road, Ivybridge.
Way To Stop—"That Man," Man That——,

J. MACKIE, 97, Katesgrove Lane, Reading.
Spoilt The Black-out—Slits — Remember Spain's "Gashes"!

F. J. PERRY, Flat 4a, The Spinney, London Road, North Cheam.
Britain's Team—"Crowd" That *Is* Assembling.

G. RIMMER, 2, Willow Terrace Road, Leeds.
Doctor Goebbels — "Colouring" News—Ananias "Pales"!

List of 18 winners of 10s. and 288 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,192

(NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.)

Example: [illegible]—Black Treachery—Now Hubby's Out Of Petrol—Army Of Bureaucrats—Bullet: [illegible] Heard—Ministry Of Information—[illegible]—Seizing His Chance—To Help [illegible] Tape—Victory Will Come, But—Off [illegible] In And—Flood Of Lies—What The [illegible] Said—Disappointed Man—Grandpa [illegible] We Need More Food, So—Making A [illegible]—Hitler And Stalin.

Add any ONE word on dotted line to complete any "Example" below.

Hitler ..... Speaks	With A Little .....
Where	How To Get .....
Free F[illegible]	Price Of .....

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legality binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Mother's Feeling Better—*since she took* Yeast-Vite

BRAND TONIC TABLETS

Yeast-Vite has come as a great relief to Tired, Exhausted Mothers. It has restored Brightness to the Eye and Youthful Bloom to Pale, Wan Cheeks. It has given Energy where before were Nagging Headaches and Worn-out Nerves.

YOU may feel too tired to work . . . find you can't summon up energy . . . You may have a headache or upset digestion.

But NEW ENERGY and VITALITY are going to dispel those "life's no good" feelings! YEAST-VITE is what you need! YEAST-VITE is the lightning pick-me-up to overcome weariness, banish pain and conquer depression. YEAST-VITE makes you smile! It makes you fit instead of flopped-out! It gives you energy instead of inertia. It supplies STRENGTH to defeat weariness.

'WORRY'—HEADACHES & SLEEPLESSNESS

Yeast-Vite is especially good for warding off the effects of Fatigue and insufficient sleep, and is, therefore, ideal for those who are performing National Service Duties, in addition to their regular daily work. Two tablets of Yeast-Vite will sustain and fortify.

In this accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae) and other Tonic Ingredients, is a concentrated source of Health and Vitality for YOU.

Yeast-Vite Relieves

HEADACHES	"NERVES"	CONSTIPATION
LASSITUDE	INDIGESTION	RHEUMATISM
DEPRESSION	INSOMNIA	RUN-DOWN Condition

Could Not Carry On But For Yeast-Vite

Manchester.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must say something in favour of Yeast-Vite. My work is very fatiguing and calls for so much endurance from early morning until late evening. I can truthfully say I could never carry on without the great and wonderful benefit I received from Yeast-Vite Tablets, which were recommended to me by a friend who cannot speak too highly of them himself.—Yours truly.

(Signed) M. S.

INDIGESTION, NERVES AND SLEEPLESSNESS

Birmingham.

Gentlemen,

After being ill for a long time I decided to try your Yeast-Vite, I am truly thankful I did, for I suffered from bad nerves and sleeplessness, also indigestion. Now I can claim to have greatly benefited from a course and shall decidedly recommend them to friends. They are all you claim.

I am, yours gratefully.
(Signed) E. H.

Rheumatism and Disordered Stomach

Dear Sirs, Deptford.

I am writing to tell you how your Yeast-Vite has done me good. I have been suffering from Rheumatism and disordered stomach, and I find they are a wonderful remedy, also they have given me back my appetite that I had lost.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M.

OUR HEALTH OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

MEN!

There are probably many occasions when two Yeast-Vite Tablets would do you the world of good! When your head begins to thump . . . when your nerves are feeling jangled . . . when you get a touch of indigestion . . . when your energy begins to flag . . . take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel fit and fresh in quick time!

F.16 J.B.L.92 79*

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